

ANOTHER

THANKFUL THANKS TO THE
THE WISDOM APPLIANCE

NO
37

MAY
10

ZIP COMICS



HA!
HA! HA!
THE
APPLIANCE
ARE HERE!



[illegible]

STEEL STERLING

in *The Mirror of Death*

WHAT STRANGE POWER DID THE MIRROR OF DEATH HAVE THAT IT COULD STRIP THE FLESH FROM THE BONES OF ITS VICTIMS AND TURN THEM INTO SKELETONS OVER NIGHT? THE POLICE WERE BAFFLED MEDICAL SCIENCE COULD FIND NO ANSWERS AND EVEN STEEL STERLING HAD HIS DOUBTS!

ILLUSTRATED BY NOVICK

GATE... ONE NIGHT...

HELP!
OFFICER!
COME WITH
ME QUICKLY!

IT'S MURDER!
PROFESSOR
STILES HAS BEEN
MURDERED! COME
BACK TO HIS HOUSE
WITH ME! I'M
JAMESON, HIS
SECRETARY!

MURDER!
WELL, WHAT
ARE WE
WAITIN' FOR,
O'MON!

THE DOOR
WAS OPEN SO
I WALKED
IN AND EN-
TERED THIS
ROOM!

WELL
LET'S GO
IN AND
TAKE A
LOOK!

A SKELE-
TON! AIN'T
IT A LITTLE
LATE TO
CALL THE
COPS!

BUT HE WAS
ALIVE YESTERDAY!

STOP KIDDIN' ME! NO
GUY COULDA DIED
YESTERDAY AND BE
A SKELETON TODAY!
AN THERE AIN'T NO
SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE!
YOU'RE GONNA COME
DOWN TO THE STATION
HOUSE
AND IF
THIS IS
A JOKE~

I TELL YOU IT IS NO
JOKE! HE WAS ALIVE
YESTEROY!

AT THE POLICE STATION...

STEEL -- WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE? GEE!

HI, CLANCY! HAD
A LETTER FROM
LOONEY FOR YOU!
WHAT'S GOING ON?

THIS GUY
THINKS HE'S
FUNNY! HE
TELLS ME

SOME BLOKE'S
JUST BEEN
MURDERED
AND THEN
WHEN I GET
THERE I FIND
A SKELETON--
AND HE WANTS
ME TO THINK
IT JUST HAP-
PENED!

THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING!
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

MY STORY IS TRUE! I
SAW PROFESSOR STILES
YESTERDAY! HE WAS
EXCITED ABOUT A RELIC
HE FOUND! HE WAS A
GREAT ARCHEOLOGIST,
YOU KNOW!

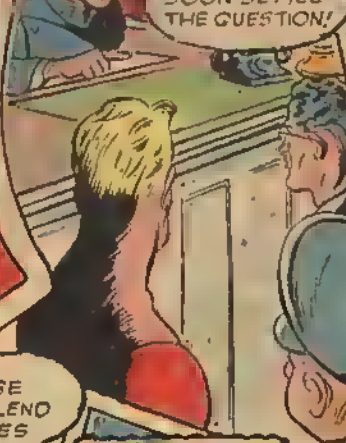
THIS EVENING I WENT TO HIS HOME WITH SOME WORK I'D TYPED FOR HIM! WHEN HE DIDN'T ANSWER THE BELL I WALKED IN! I DISCOVERED HIS BODY ON THE FLOOR... A SKELETON!

STAY AROUND! I'LL HAVE THE MEDICAL EXAMINER CHECK THE IDENTITY OF THE SKELETON! THE DENTAL RECORDS WILL SOON SETTLE THE QUESTION!

GATER---

IT'S INCREDIBLE BUT THAT SKELETON IS PROFESSOR STILES! THE DOCTOR IS LITERALLY BAFFLED!

A SKELETON IN LESS THAN 24 HOURS!

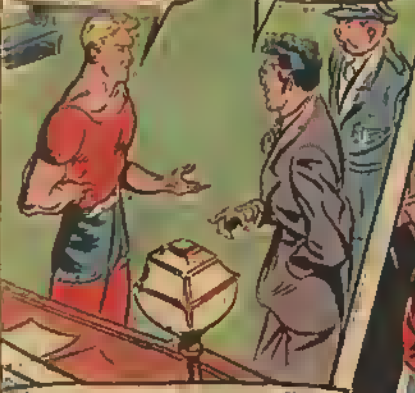


YOU SAY THAT STILES WROTE SEVERAL BOOKS ABOUT HIS ARCHEOLOGICAL FIELD TRIPS!

YES! I'LL BE GLAD TO LEND YOU COPIES IF THEY'LL HELP SOLVE THE CASE!

THAT NIGHT---

THIS IS THE LAST BOOK! IF I DON'T FIND A CLUE IN HERE, I GIVE UP! HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



THE INCA MIRROR OF DEATH

Thomas Munro, Robert Fruen and I witnessed a secret ritual while on our Inca Field Trip. We heard and watched the Mirror of Death Ceremony in which a victim is placed in a mirror with a man. ing nothing like a skeleton is left.

THE MIRROR STORY MAY BE A FAKE - BUT I'VE A FEELING MUNRO AND FRUEN ARE NEXT ON THE LIST!

MUNRO'S HOUSE! HOPE I'M IN TIME!



MY GOD! THAT MUST
BE MUNRO!... I WAS
TOO LATE! BUT THERE
IS THE MIRROR!

THE MIRROR OF DEATH!
WHAT MAGNIFICENT
CARVING. I WONDER
WHAT WOOD THE
FRAME IS MADE OF?
IT'S ALMOST BLOOD
RED!


I'LL TAKE
THIS TO
SOME
PLACE
WHERE I CAN
EXAMINE IT
CLOSELY!

HMM-A VISITOR!
THE MIRROR OF DEATH
IS SAVING MY LIFE!

SO YOU'RE THE
SPOOK THAT HAUNTS
THE MIRROR OF DEATH!

SMACK

HOURS LATER...




GOOD LORD!
THE MIRROR IS
GONE! I SUPPOSE
FRUEN WILL BE
THE NEXT VICTIM,
UNLESS!...

CLANCY! THIS IS
STEEL! PROF. MUNRO'S
BEEN MURDERED, SAME
AS STILES! REPORT IT,
AND THEN GO OVER TO
FRUEN'S HOUSE AT
ONCE! I'LL MEET
YOU THERE!

IN FRUEN'S HOME...
LATER...

I WONDER IF YOU'D
TELL US THE STORY
OF YOUR INCA TRIP!
IT MAY HELP US SOLVE
THIS CASE! DON'T
LEAVE OUT ANY
DETAILS!



IF YOU TAKE US TO
WHERE WE CAN WATCH
THE CEREMONY, WE'LL
PAY YOU A HUNDRED
DOLLARS, GOLD!

ME? TAKE
YOU?

WELL, WE MADE THE TRIP
TWENTY YEARS AGO! WE HEARD
A LOT OF RUMORS ABOUT THE
MIRROR OF DEATH, AND WERE
MOST ANXIOUS TO WITNESS THE
RITUAL! OUR GUIDE TOLD US

THERE WOULD
BE A
CEREMONY...
SO...

NO! NO! NO! NO
WHITE MAN ALLOWED!
I WOULD BE KILLED BY
MIRROR OF DEATH,
IF HIGH PRIESTS
FOUND OUT!

LOOK HERE, SON,
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO
MAKE A LOT OF MONEY?
IT'S YOURS IF YOU TAKE
US TO WHERE WE CAN
SEE THE MIRROR
OF DEATH
RITUAL!

A LOT OF MONEY!
WELL, IF YOU PROMISE
NEVER TO TELL
AND KEEP STILL
SO WE AREN'T
CAUGHT, I'LL
SHOW YOU!

THEY HOLD TRIAL FOR
INCA WHO STOLE FROM TRIBE!
SEE! HE IS HELD BY GUARDS!
THE HIGH PRIEST HAS BEGUN
THE CEREMONY!

WE WATCHED
THE PRIMITIVE
RITUAL...

TAKE HIM
TO THE VAULT!
IF HE IS GUILTY
THE MIRROR WILL
NOT HARM
HIM!!

BOW DOWN BEFORE
THE GREAT MIRROR
OF DEATH, TRIBES-
MEN OF INCA!

THE PRISONER WAS
DRAGGED TO THE VAULT
AND THE MIRROR WAS
CARRIED IN AFTER HIM..

FOR HOURS THE DRUMS
BOOMED AND THE TRIBES-
MEN CHANTED..

AT DAWN, WHEN THE VAULT IS OPENED ONLY A SKELETON REMAINS!

HM-IT'S NEARLY DAWN--I'D LIKE TO GET CLOSER, TO SEE WITH MY OWN EYES!

WE WERE DISCOVERED WHEN MUNRO TRIED TO GET A CLOSER LOOK--

WE FLED WITH THE INCAS IN CLOSE PURSUIT--

I CAN HEAR THEM GETTING CLOSER, HURRY!

THE BOAT DOWN THE RIVER--- THEY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THROUGH SWAMP-LAND!

DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND! TAKE ME TO THE STATES WITH YOU, PLEASE! OR THEY'LL

TAKE YOU BACK! WE CAN'T DO THAT! DON'T WORRY YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!


AND SO WE RETURNED TO AMERICA! WE NEVER BELIEVED THE LEGEND! WE THOUGHT IT PROBABLY WAS A TRICK! UNTIL NOW I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE WHOLE THING!

YOU'RE IN GRAVE DANGER, FRUEN! CLANCY, I WANT YOU TO SEARCH THE BASEMENT FOR THE MIRROR! I'LL SEARCH THE OTHER ROOMS!

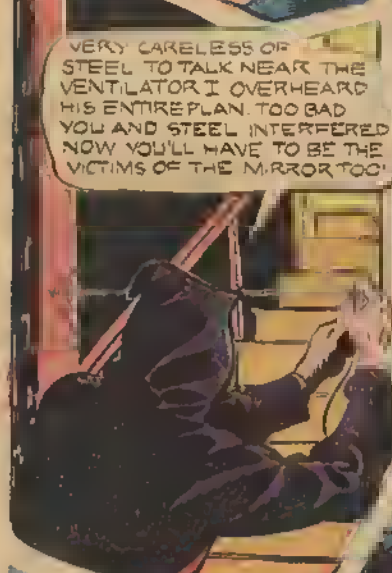
AW, STEEL! S'POSIN' I FIND IT--BY THE TIME YOU COME I'LL BE A SKELETON!




GGGOSH! ITS
KINDA DARK DOWN
HERE!



I HOPE I DONT
FIND WHAT
I'M LOOKING
FOR




VERY CARELESS OF
STEEL TO TALK NEAR THE
VENTILATOR I OVERHEARD
HIS ENTIRE PLAN. TOO BAD
YOU AND STEEL INTERFERED
NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THE
VICTIMS OF THE MIRROR TOO!




THAT MUST BE
CLANCY SOUNDS
AS IF HE'S IN
TROUBLE

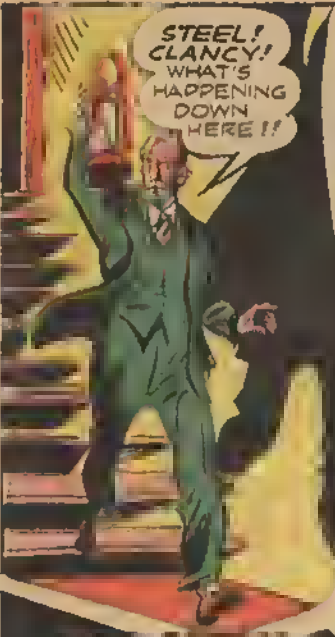
HELP
STEEL!




CLANCY!
WHERE ARE
YOU?



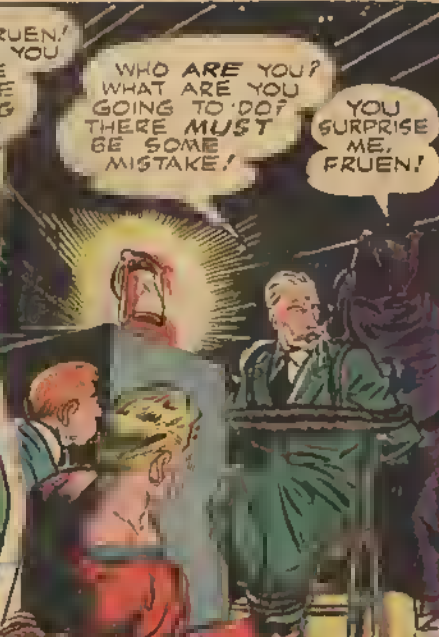
THERE! NOW YOU'RE
ALL TIED UP! WONDER WHERE
PRUEN IS?



STEEL!
CLANCY!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
DOWN
HERE!!

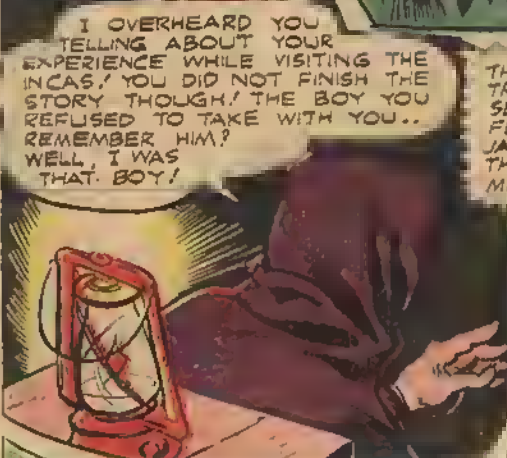


PROFESSOR FRUEN!
HOW NICE OF YOU
TO SAVE ME
THE TROUBLE
OF LOOKING
FOR YOU!




WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?
THERE MUST
BE SOME
MISTAKE!


YOU
SURPRISE
ME,
FRUEN!




I OVERHEARD YOU
TELLING ABOUT YOUR
EXPERIENCE WHILE VISITING THE
INCAS; YOU DID NOT FINISH THE
STORY THOUGH! THE BOY YOU
REFUSED TO TAKE WITH YOU...
REMEMBER HIM?
WELL, I WAS
THAT BOY!



THE ANGRY
TRIBESMEN
SEIZED ME AND
FLUNG ME INTO
JAIL TO AWAIT
THE TRIAL OF THE
MIRROR OF DEATH...



LATER, A
HIGH PRIEST
WHO WAS
RELATED TO
ME CAME
TO JAIL...



THIS SALVE
PROTECT YOU
FROM MIRROR!
I KNOW
YOU MEANT
NO EVIL!

THAT NIGHT AFTER A
SHORT TRIAL I WAS
LOCKED IN THE VAULT
WITH THE MIRROR...

SUDDENLY I WAS
OVERCOME BY A
HORRIBLE ODOR
FROM THE MIRROR..

WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS I
SAW MYSELF IN THE MIRROR..MY
HEAD WAS BARE TO THE BONE WHERE
THE PRIEST HAD FORGOTTEN TO RUB
SALVE...

I VOWED VENGEANCE!
I PLANNED AND STUDIED
HOW I COULD
HAVE REVENGE!
I STOLE THE
MIRROR AND
CAME TO
THE STATES
IN SEARCH
OF YOU!

JAMP
SON...
BUT
YOUR
HAIR!

THE HAIR! AH, YES! IT IS
A WIG! YOU SHALL BE
LESS FORTUNATE THAN
I! YOU SHALL BE **SKELETONS**!
ALL OF YOU!

I KNOW, YOU'D LIKE TO
KNOW HOW THE MIRROR
WORKS! THE FRAME IS A
LABYRINTH OF HOLES
CONTAINING A SPECIES OF MAN-
EATING INSECTS! THEY AWAKE
AT NIGHT! IF THEY SMELL LIVING
FLESH, THEY GIVE OFF A
HORRIBLE ODOR
THAT OVER-
COMES IT'S
VICTIMS!

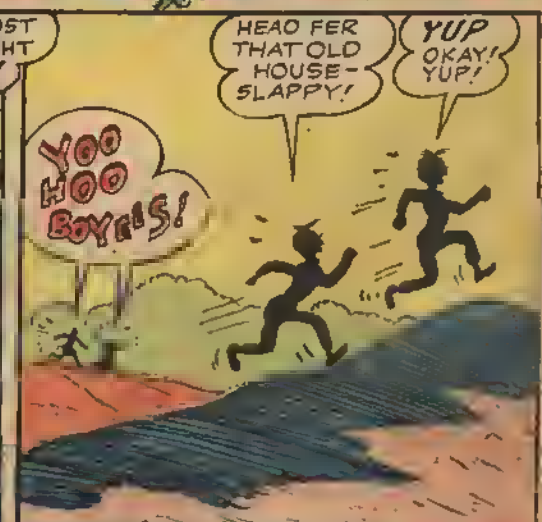
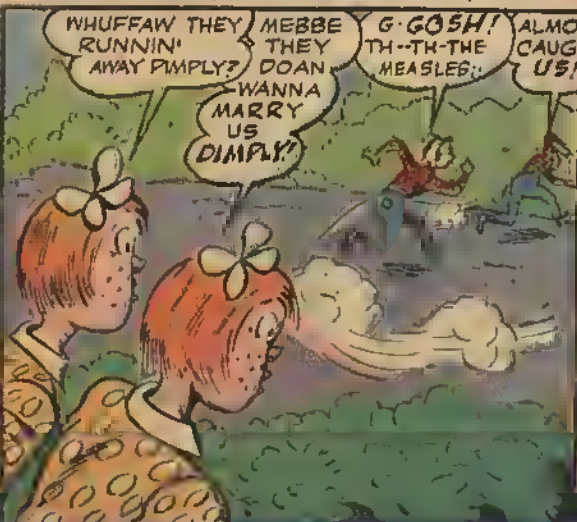
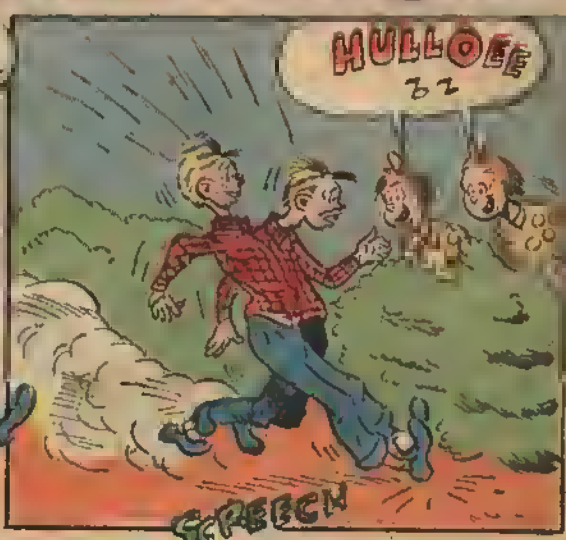
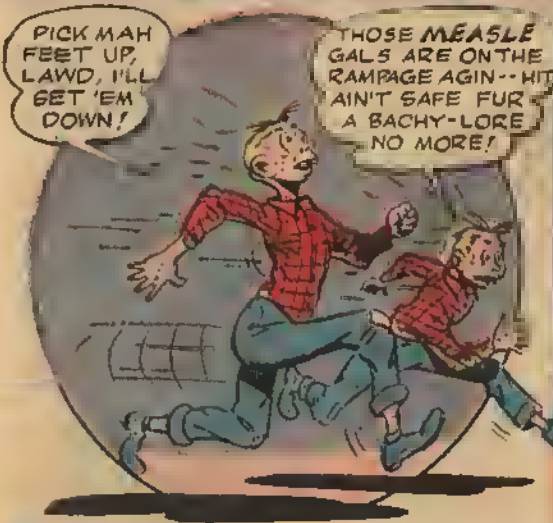
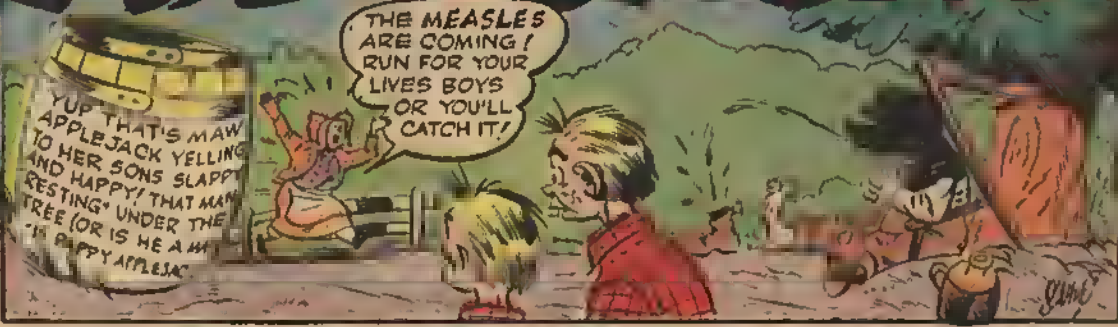
WHEN THE VICTIM BECOMES
UNCONSCIOUS THEY CREEP
FROM THE **FRAME** AND
DEVOUR HIM..MILLIONS OF
THEM! HERE IS THE MIRROR
I HAVE TO KEEP IT
IN THIS BOX
FOR SAFETY!

THE FRAME IS GREYISH NOW,
BUT AFTER THE CREATURES
CREEP BACK AFTER EATING
IT TURNS A FINE **DEEP RED**!
IT'S A PITY YOU WON'T BE
ALIVE TO SEE IT!

I'M NOT QUITE
READY TO BE A
SKELETON MY
FRIEND!!



APPLEJACKS

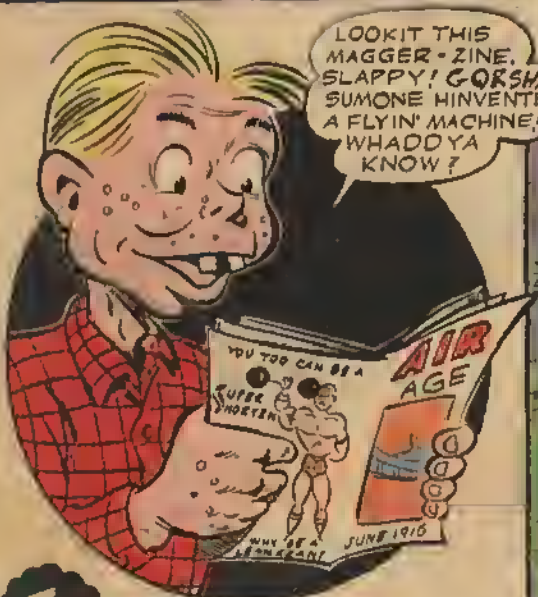


G-GORSH!
THAT SHORE
WUZ A CLOSE
SHAVE!

YUP!
THEM
FEMALES
MUST BE
PART BLOOD
HOUND!

WULL,
WHADDYA
KNOW--?

--IT AIN'T
RENTED!



LOOKIT THIS
MAGGER-ZINE.
SLAPPY! GORSH,
SUMONE HINVENTED
A FLYIN' MACHINE!
WHADDYA
KNOW?

LET'S BUILDO
US AN AIR-
PLANE, HUH?
JUSS FOLLOW
THESE PLANZ!

SHOORE! THEN WE
KIN FLY AWAY FROM
THE MEASLES BEFORE
THEY GIT'S CON-
TAY-JUSS!

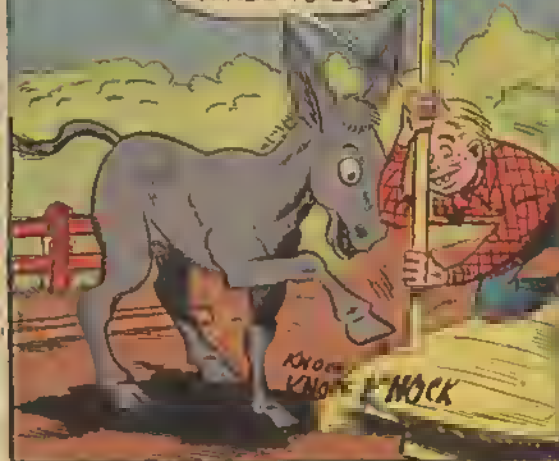
LATER

THIS CRATE'LL
COME N'HANDY
BUT WHUT ABOUT
THESE CHICKENS?

KEEP 'EM IN
THERE! MIGHT
NEED 'EM IF
OUR MACHINE
WON'T FLY
BY ITSELF!

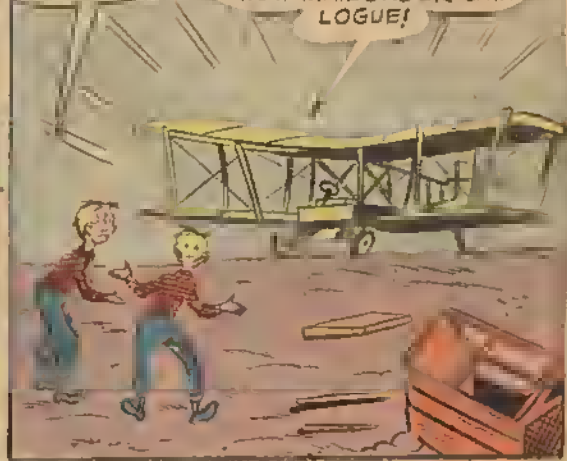
CUMON
CORNLIKKER!
WE'RE A GONNA
NEED YORE
HELP!

ATTA BOY, CORNLICKER,
FIFTY TWO DOWN AND
THREE TO GO!



HIT'S
FINISHEO!

YUK, YUK-- HAIN'T SHE
A BEAUT? JUST LIKE IN
THAT MAIL-ORDER CAT-
ALOGUE!

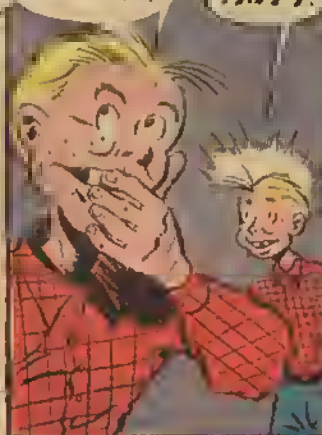


NOW ALL WE-UNS
GOTTA DO IS
GIT SOMEBODY
TO FLY IT!

GAIVRSH!
NEVER THOUGHT
O' THAT, NATCHERLY
IT WON'T BE
US!

HMM, I WONDER
WHO WE KIN GIT
T' FLY IT?

THAT'S
RIGHT!
PAPPY!

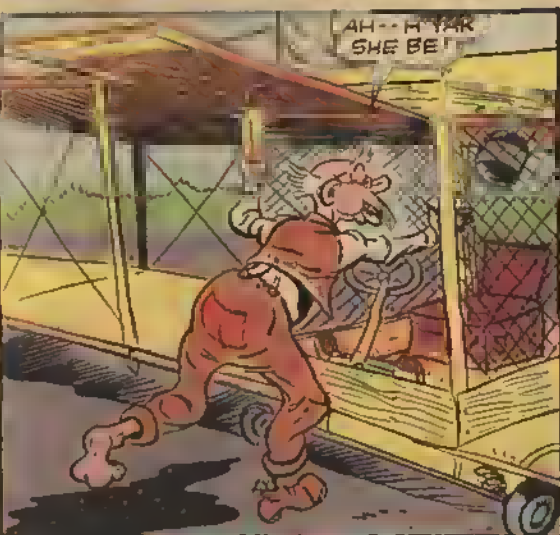
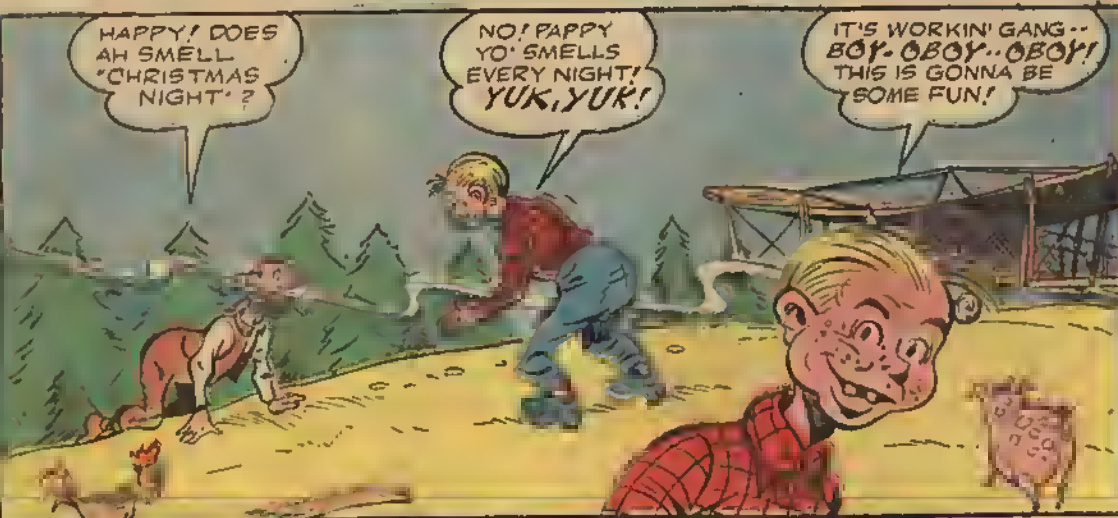
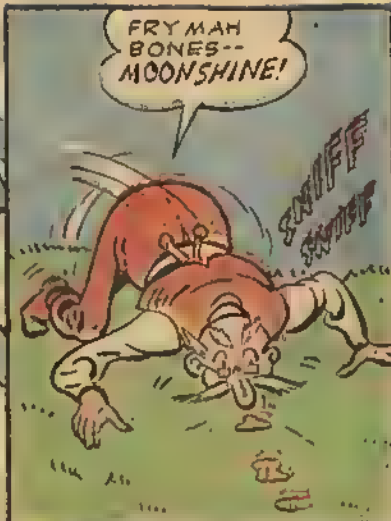
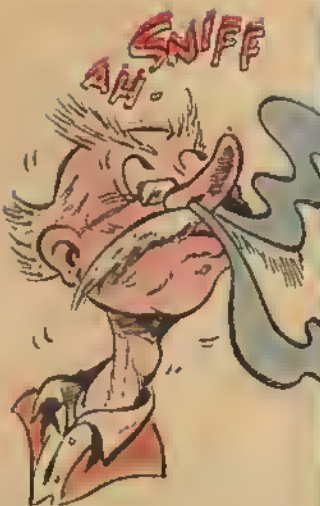


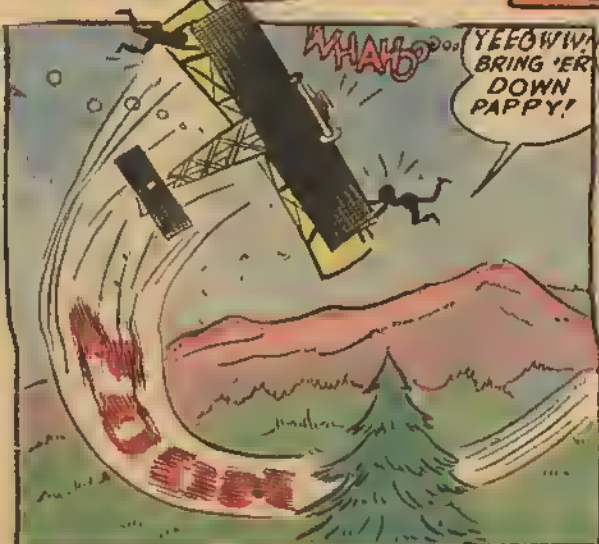
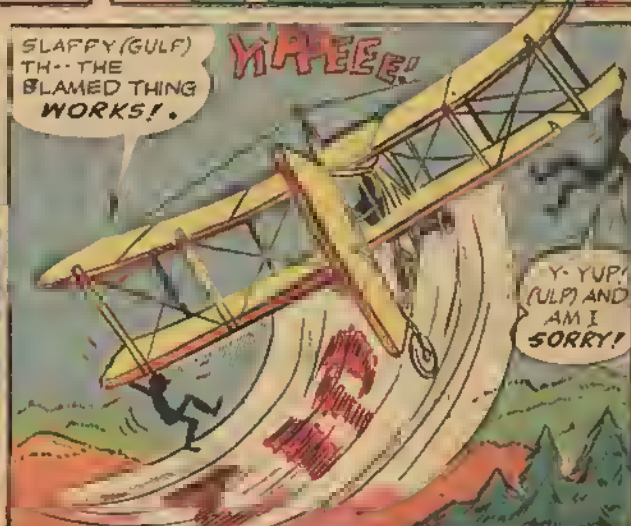
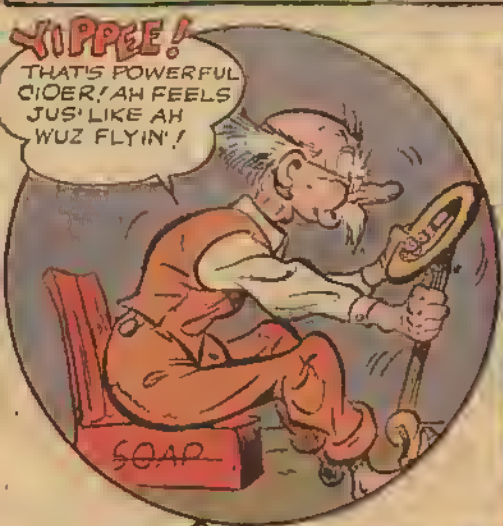
GOTTA BE
CAGEY, NOW!
H'ONLY ONE
SURE WAY O'GIT-
TIN' PAPPY TO
WAKE
UP!

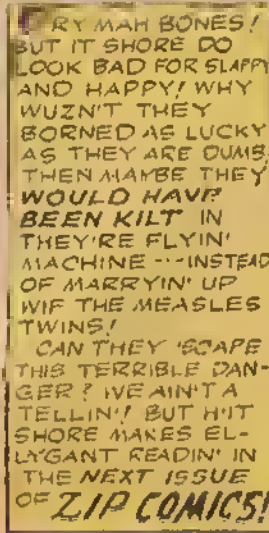
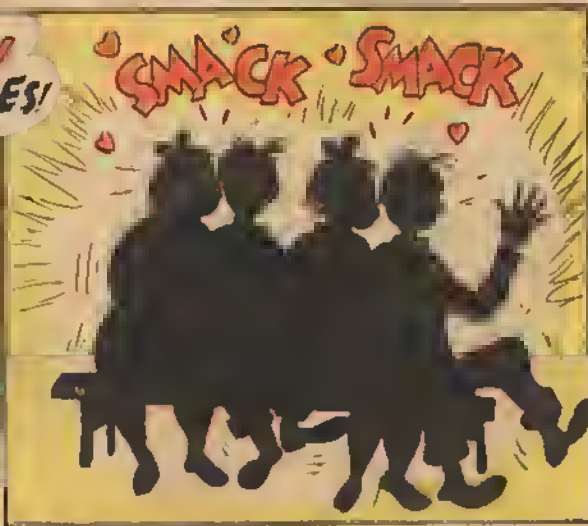
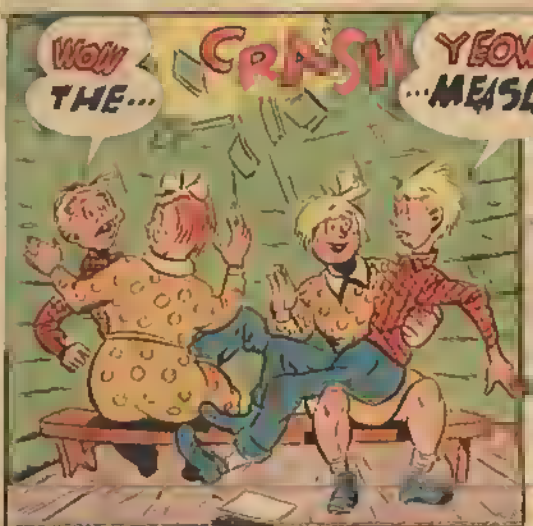


...N GIT HIM
INTO THET FLYIN'
MACHINE! A LITTLE
MOONSHINE'LL GO
A LONG WAY!









HERE'S AN APPLE, JACK!

AN APPLEJACK STORY

as told to SEERSUCKER J. AKIT

ONLY one thing stopped Happy and Slappy Applejack from finishing college, and that was they didn't finish high school. And only two things stopped them from taking a walk, and those were Pimply and Dimply Measles, two mountain gals who were looking for husbands. So what was the best thing for Slappy and Happy to do? To run, and run fast! So they did. While Pappy Applejack snored under the maple tree.

"The lies' way tuh git rid of Pimply and Dimply," said Slappy slowly, "is tuh pertend we got sumpin' wrong with us!"

"Yuh mean like we take baths or sumpin'?" asked his twin brother, Happy.

"Yup, or melibe we could pertend we kin read 'n' rite. Thet oughta do it!"

"I got it!" Happy Applejack cried suddenly. "We'll pertend we're real gentlemen, and dude ourselves up. That'll scare 'em away!"

So the Applejack twins applied soap and snits and scent. And when they'd made themselves "jest as slick as b'ar grease and twice as fragrant" they started down the road to look for the Measles. While Pappy Applejack still snored under the willow tree.

It wasn't long before they heard a sound like an egg-beater doing the conga, and it was Mayor Hardbelly driving his Model Tec-Hee.

"G-gosh," said Slappy, "the Mayor looks like he got into a fight with a cir-cu-lar saw!"

"Bet he only lasted one round!" answered his brother.

Mayor Hardbelly didn't recognize the twins in their new get-up; he halted his hack, removed a wad of chewing tobacco, and said: "Howdy strangers!"

"Let's pertend we don't know him!" whispered Slappy.

"Mind offen 'we lean on your red-be-ate-ber?"

"Not at all, not at all," stammered the Mayor. "Why don't you fine gents have dinner at my house. We doan usnally see peeple with soots on round here!"

Slappy and Happy looked at each other with delight. Gosh, they hadn't had a real meal since grandma backed into the hot stove! So the wacky twins accepted the Mayor's invitation. And as they drove to town, back at the farm, Pappy Applejack kept snoring under the guindrop tree.

When the three arrived, the Mayor climbed out first and ran towards his house, shouting: "Wife, wife, set two more plates for dinner. I found two dees-ting-wisht gents on the road, and in-vight-bed 'em to sup wif us!" As Slappy and Happy entered the farmhouse, they suddenly saw Pimply and Dimply Measles. They too had come to the Mayor's for din-

ner. They were carrying a pail of milk. Our heroes clutched each other fearfully, but something was wrong. Dimply and Pimply weren't scared of the Applejacks. No, they didn't even recognize them! Slappy and Happy were terribly disappointed . . . their plan had failed!

But Pimply and Dimply thought they saw two *new* beaux, and their eyes popped out of their heads!

"Got as many eyes as an old per-tat-er!" said Slappy scornfully. Dimply Measles heard the remark. "What if I am an old per-tat-er?" she said coyly. "Some day I may meet a masher!" This was too much for Slappy and Happy: they turned to *beat it*, but C R A S H!! They'd tripped over the milk pail! Their new suits, everything was covered in a mess of cow-juice.

Suddenly Pimply and Dimply recognized the Applejacks, each in a zoot suit with a cream seam!

"We've got ourselves in binds!" they shrieked. And once more the chase was on, with the boys well in the lead. Minutes later they were safe in their house, the door bolted.

"Safe at last! Guess our best plan is tuh stay cluss tuh home!"

Happy nodded: "Yun-yup yup! Have you seen Pappy since Christmas?"

Pappy Applejack? Oh, yes—he was still snoring under the beech-nut tree!

F-R-O-G SPELLS TROUBLE

A GINGER STORY

by VIV JANICET

IT ALL happened the day Ginger's dad invited his boss, Mr. Frogfardle, to dinner. After all it wasn't Ginger's fault that her pal Dotty had bought a goldfish bowl. And then discovered the bowl wasn't big enough, so she . . . But let's start the story at the beginning: "Psst! Hey Ginger! Look what I got!"

It was Dottie, whispering during the history lesson. She held out a box, and handed it to Ginger who quickly put it in her desk. Ginger wondered what was in the box. If only she could . . . peek. . .

"Ginger Snapp!" Professor Bullbang rapped his desk sharply with his ruler. "GINGER, are you paying attention to what I'm saying?"

"Why . . . er . . . certainly, Professor!"

"Then kindly stand up, and repeat to the class what I've been talking about!"

Ginger rose, and started: "In the—er—Babylonion times—C.R.O.A.K.—many of the—er—inhabitants used to—C.R.O.A.K.—because it was found—C R O A K!" Ginger hastily stopped! What was the "CROAK" coming from inside her desk? Professor Bullband furiously told Ginger to report to the principal after school. The class was in an uproar, they thought Ginger's imitation of the Professor was priceless.

After class was dismissed, Dottie quickly sidled up to her girl friend.

"Laugh, I thought I'd split, when my frog started croaking, in class! You see I bought a goldfish bowl, and then found it was too small for the frog . . . so I thought you would like it!"

"Oh, you thought I'd like it!" said Ginger sarcastically. "And look at all the trouble it's got me into already. All right, I'm

going to keep it!" Angrily, Ginger put the frog in its box, and strode off to the principal's office. A fine pal Dottie turned out to be!

In his office Mr. Grump, the principal, was balancing a spoonful of cough medicine. He must get rid of that cough, somehow. This medicine was guaranteed, too.

"Scuse me, Mr. Grump . . ."
CRASH!

"&\$*!()" said Mr. Grump, as he missed his mouth and plastered medicine all over his shirt.

Ginger held her breath, and watched. Finally the principal made it! The medicine swallowed, he sat down behind a pile of letters and glared at the girl.

"I suppose you've been misbehaving yourself again!" he accused.

"Not exactly, sir . . ." Ginger began.

"Well, I haven't time for your excuses. I borrowed my next-door neighbor's umbrella this morning. Mr. Frogfardle is his name. After school's over I wish you'd take it round to him with my thanks!"

Suddenly Mr. Grump's eyes began to glaze . . . he grew white in the face, his cheeks became purple and he looked as though his eyes were leaving their sockets. The letters on his desk began to move, in fact they began to dance about, in a weird slow dance, uttering strange sounds as they moved: "Croak—eroak—croak!"

"That cough medicine must have been stronger than I thought!" gurgled the principal, his feverish hand fluttering to his moist forehead. "I—I—I'm seeing things!" With a savage sound like the mating call of a tiger, Mr. Grump rushed from the room.

"Well, froggie, you helped

me escape from being punished," remarked Ginger as she lifted her green friend from under the pile of letters on Mr. Grump's desk. "But however did you get there?"

Minutes later Ginger left the office, her frog-box in one hand, and Mr. Frogfardle's umbrella in the other.

"No, sorry, Mr. Frogfardle isn't home," said a maid later on. "He's gone out for the evening at 56 Elm Street, he's having dinner with the Snapps."

"Superstitious? Of course I'm not superstitious," Mr. Frogfardle was bellowing at the dinner-table when Ginger came in. "It's all a lot of tommy-rot!"

"Here's your umbrella, sir . . . Mr. Grump asked me to bring it to you!"

"Thank you my dear girl, thank you!" shouted Mr. Frogfardle. "Now just to illustrate what I mean I. Whipper Snapp—watch me open this umbrella!"

"Not in the house!" shrieked Ginger's mother.

"Superstition, t o m m y-rot!" muttered the guest, opening his umbrella.

And then a strange thing happened. Something green seemed to leap out of the umbrella, into the soup and then leap again to the top of Frogfardle's bald head! And then Mr. F. fainted.

When Mr. Frogfardle came to, he left hastily—very hastily. Ginger looked at her father apprehensively. Boy, this last trick really called for super-duper punishment. But instead, a smile wreathed Mr. Snapp's face.

"Well, I'm certainly glad to get rid of that foghorn. Whew, my ears are still ringing. He didn't stop bellowing since he came in. You know, Ginger, I think I can afford that new evening gown after all."

Now, Ginger fainted!

Ginger



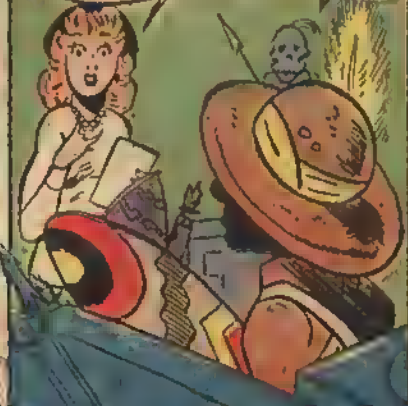
O GEE--GOLLY! WITH ALL THAT MOB, I COULDN'T GET NEAR MR. HOMFRIDE FOR A STATEMENT! I'LL HAVE TO TRY HIM AT HIS APARTMENT, DOT!

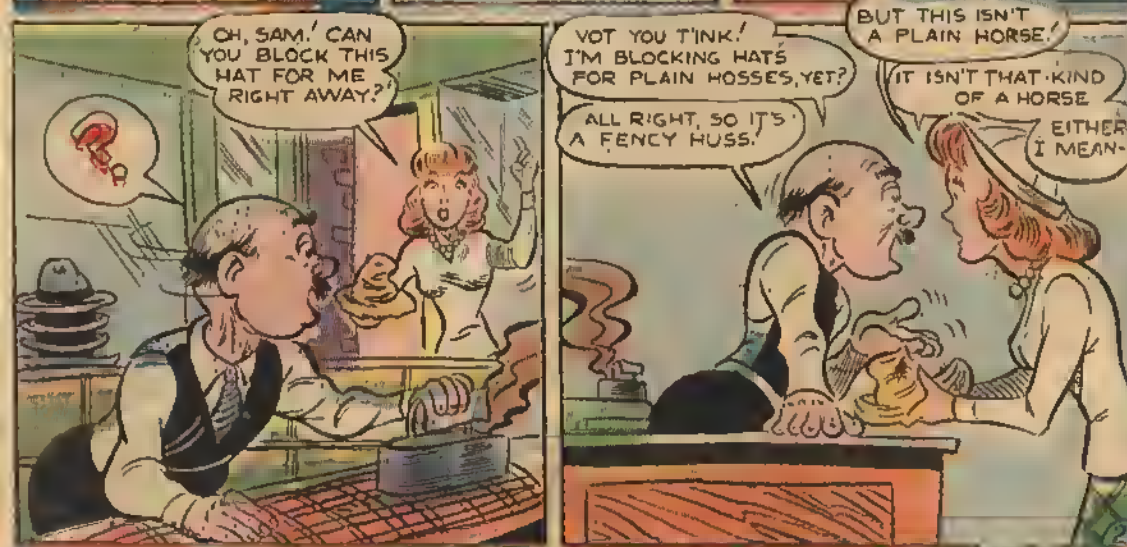
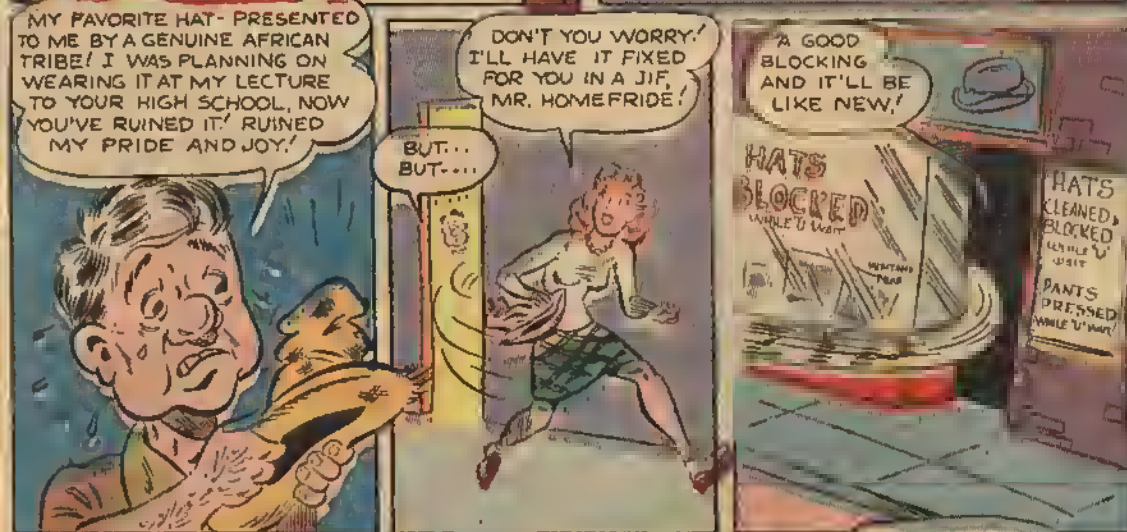
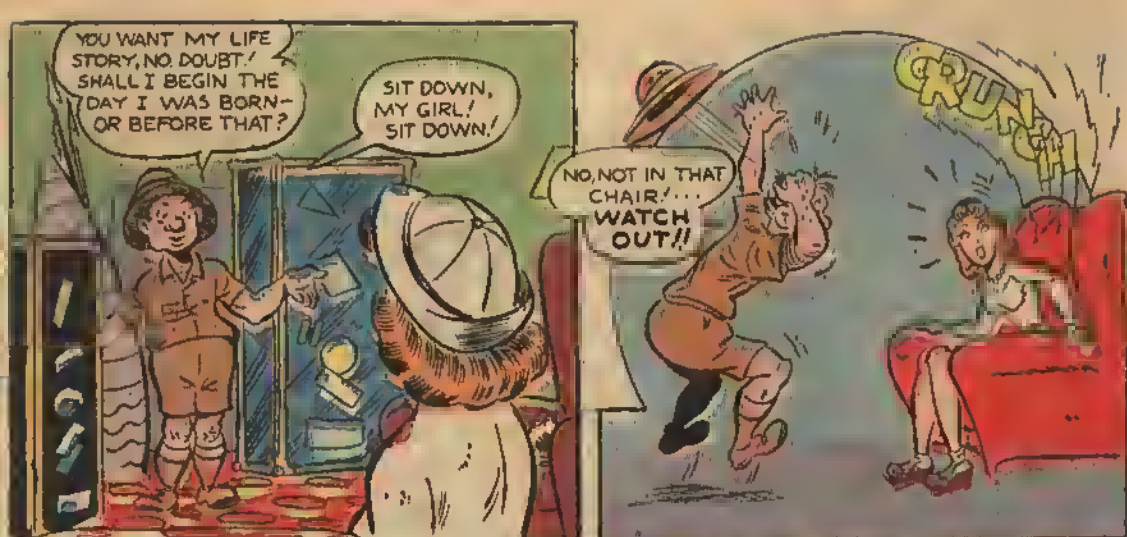
OKAY, GINGER! MAYBE YOU CAN EVEN GET AN INTERVIEW WITH A HIFPO-POTAMUS!

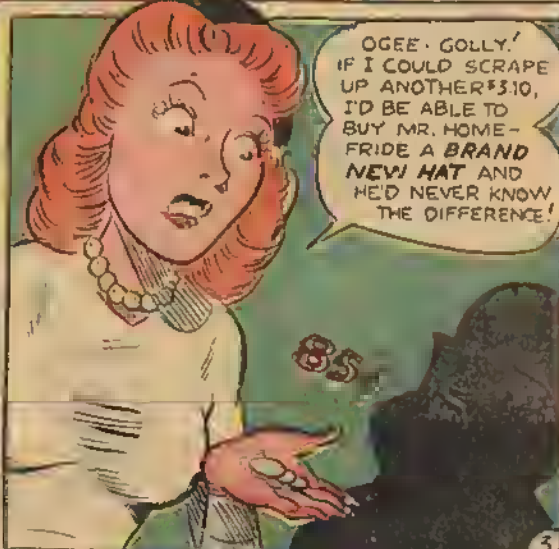
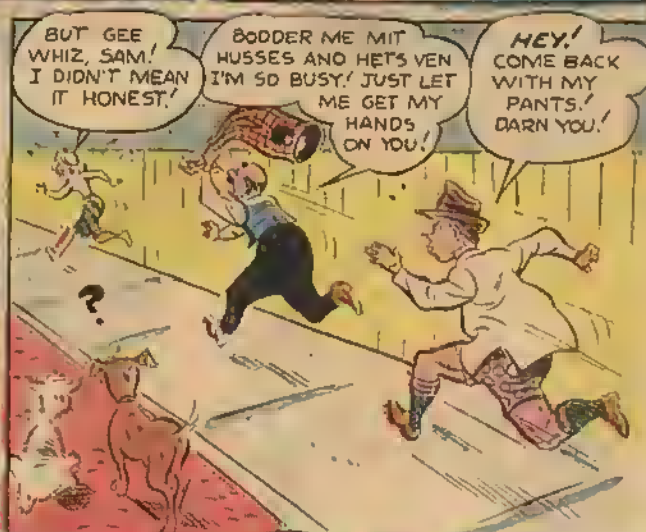
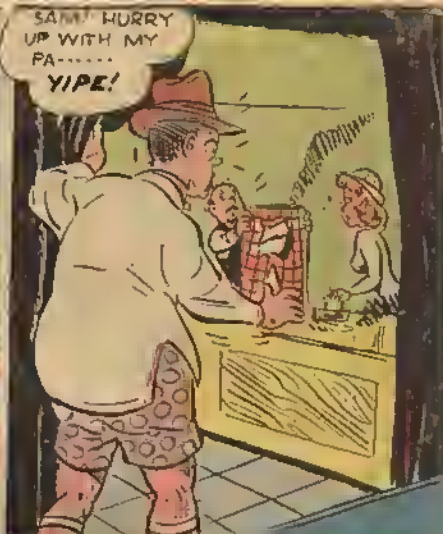
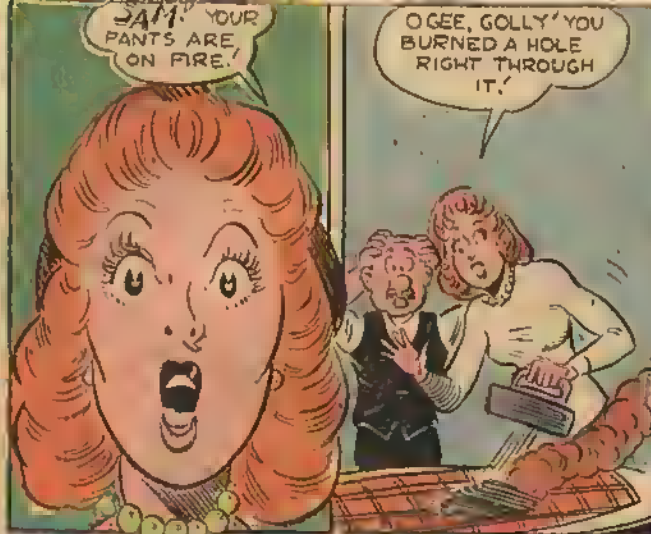
WELL, HERE GOES! I HOPE HE DOESN'T GET MAD!

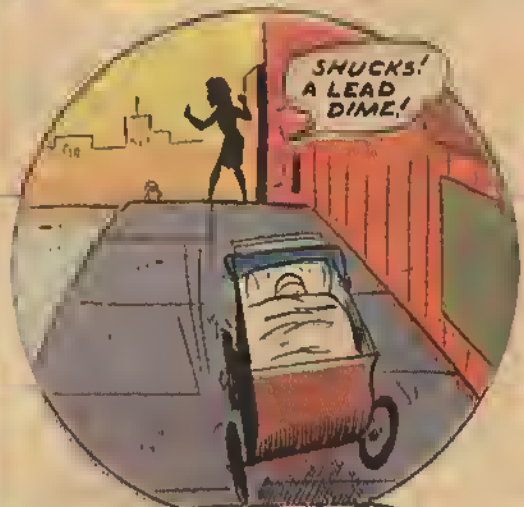
ER... AH... I'M FROM THE HILLSIDE BULLETIN. MR. FRENCHER... ER... I MEAN HOMFRIDE, AND.....

COME IN, MY DEAR! COME IN!







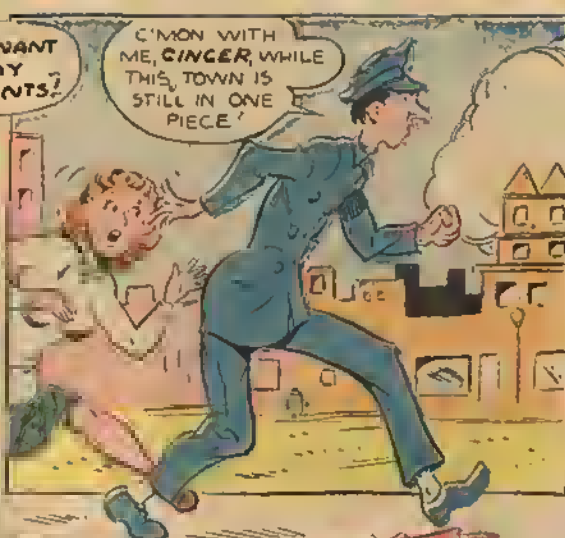




"I GOT TO
PAY FOR DESE
PANTS UND I'M
SENDING THE
BILL TO YOUR
PARENTS."

"... AND FURTHER
MORE, I'LL HAVE
PLENTY TO TELL
YOUR FOLKS,
MYSELF."

"I WANT
MY
PANTS!"



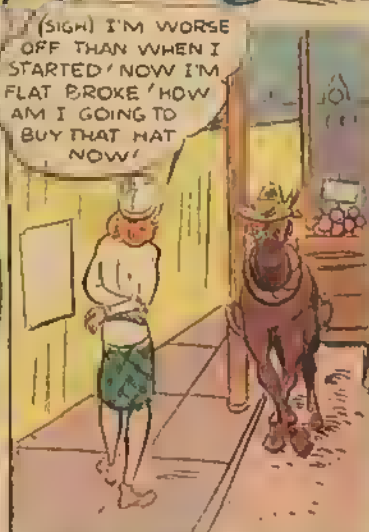
"C'MON WITH
ME, CINGER, WHILE
THIS TOWN IS
STILL IN ONE
PIECE"



"I'M SORRY YOUNG
LADY, BUT I'LL HAVE
TO FINE YOU \$5--"

"O GEE GOLLY!
I ONLY HAVE
\$1.10"

"ALL RIGHT, THEN, I
FINE YOU \$1.10.
ER... I MEAN \$1"

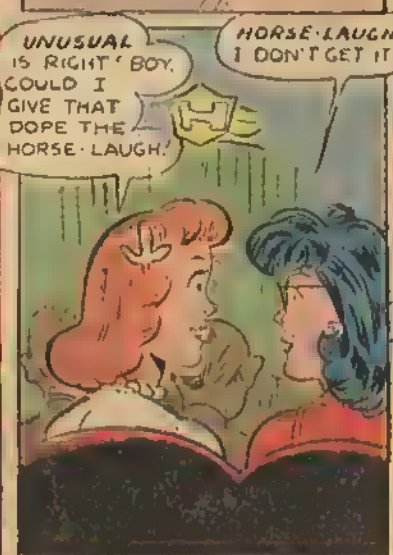


"(SIGH) I'M WORSE
OFF THAN WHEN I
STARTED' NOW I'M
FLAT BROKE' HOW
AM I GOING TO
BUY THAT HAT
NOW!"



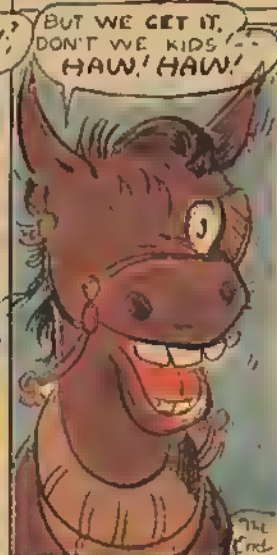
"That
Nite!"

"... AND SO, DEAR
STUDENTS OF HILDALE
HIGH, BECAUSE OF MY
SUPREME COURAGE--
THE AFRICAN TRIBE
PRESENTED ME
WITH THIS UN-
USUAL HAT!"



"UNUSUAL
IS RIGHT' BOY.
COULD I
GIVE THAT
DOPE THE
HORSE-LAUGH!"

"HORSE-LAUGH?
I DON'T GET IT!"



"BUT WE GET IT,
DON'T WE KIDS--
HAW! HAW!"

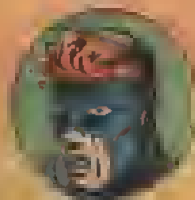
THE
END

YES, CHIEF, I HAVE
ONE REQUEST TO MAKE
BEFORE I'M COOKED. HOW
ABOUT LETTING ME FINISH
READING THIS SWELL COPY
OF **PEP COMICS** ?

THE SHIELD HAS
JUST GOTTEN HIM-
SELF IN **HOT WATER**
AND I'M DYING TO SEE
HOW HE GETS OUT!



PEP COMICS FEATURES...



THE SHIELD



THE HANGMAN



CAPT. COMMANDO
AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



ARCHIE

ALONG WITH

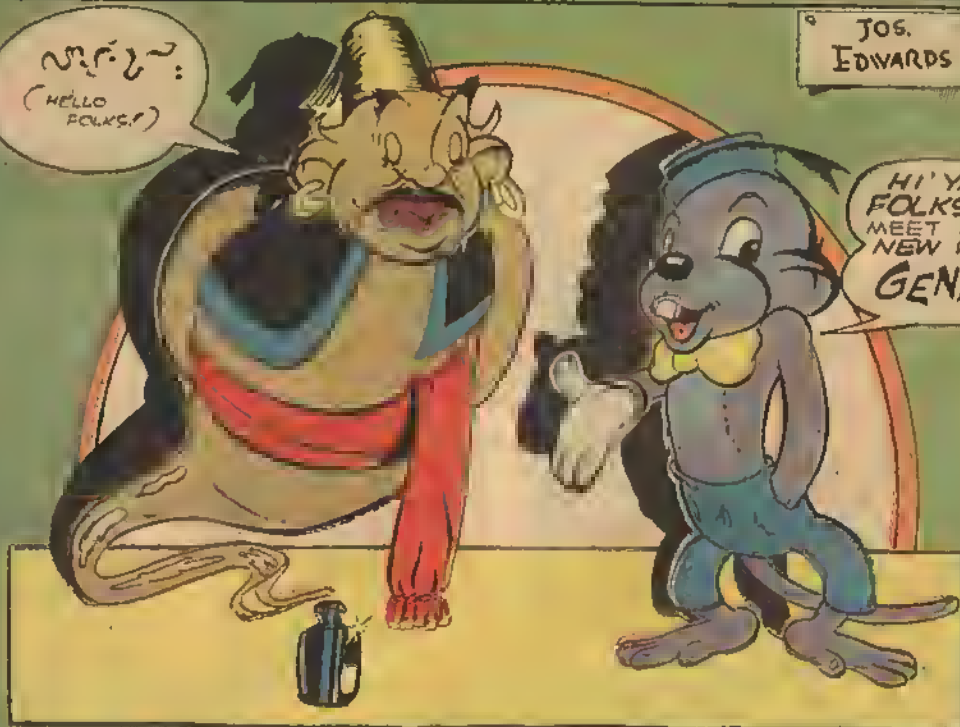
- 1 SERGEANT BOYLE
- 2 DANNY IN WONDERLAND
- 3 BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND
YARD

CHIMPY

JOS.
EDWARDS

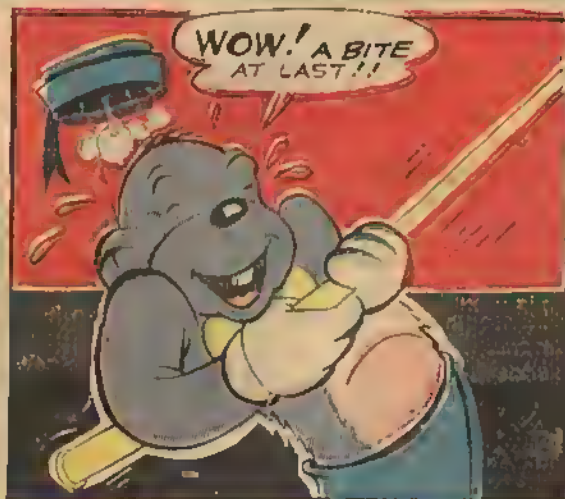
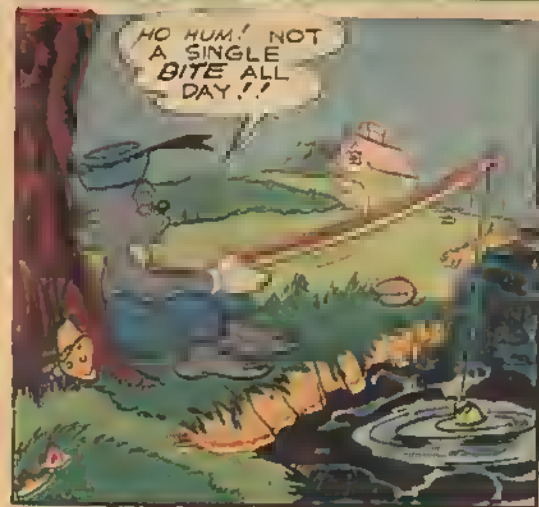
~.~.~.
(HELLO
FOLKS!)

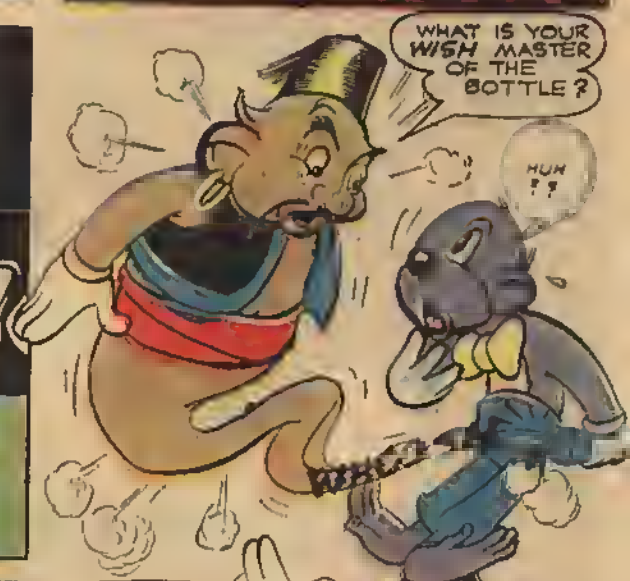
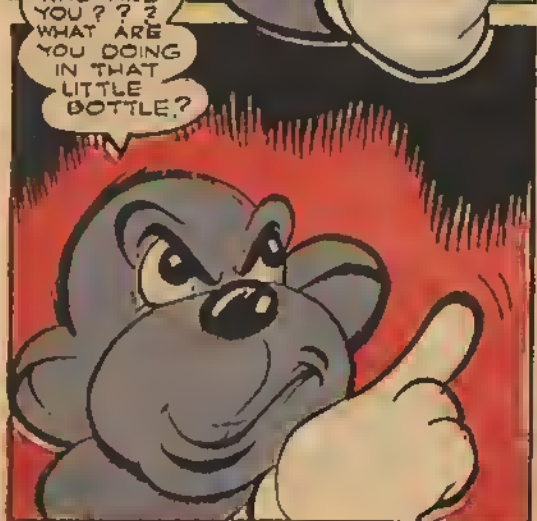
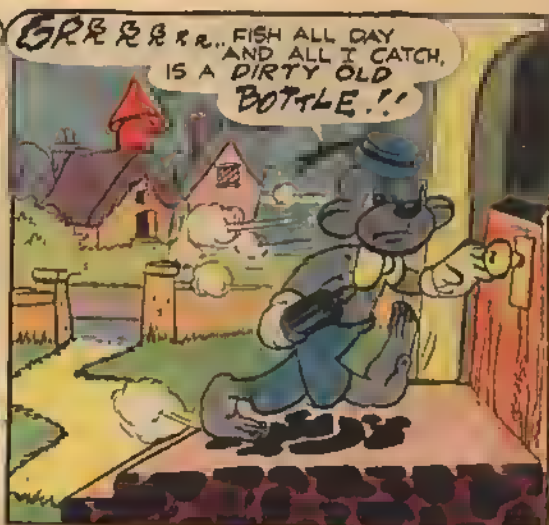
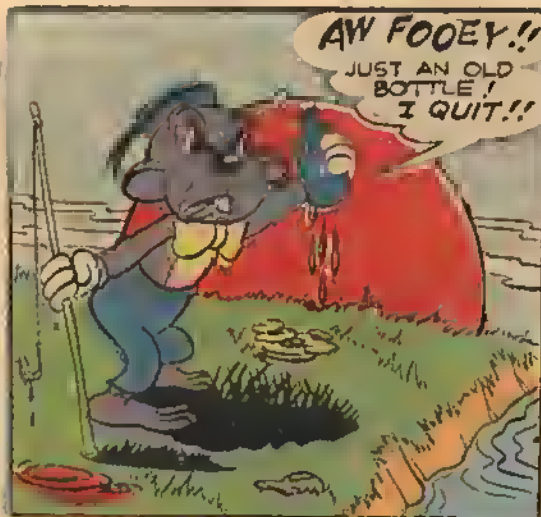
HI' YA
FOLKS!!
MEET MY
NEW PAL,
GENIE!!

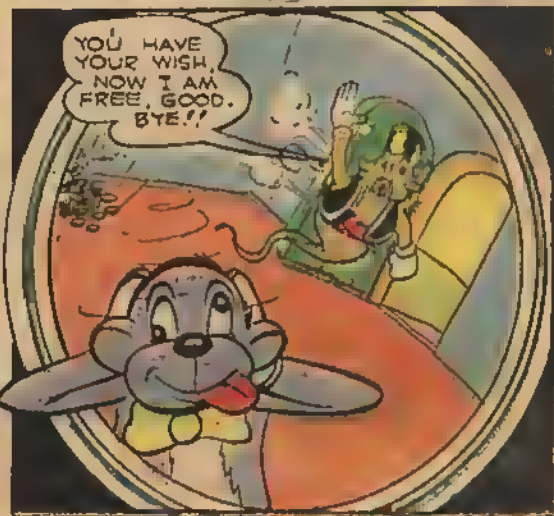
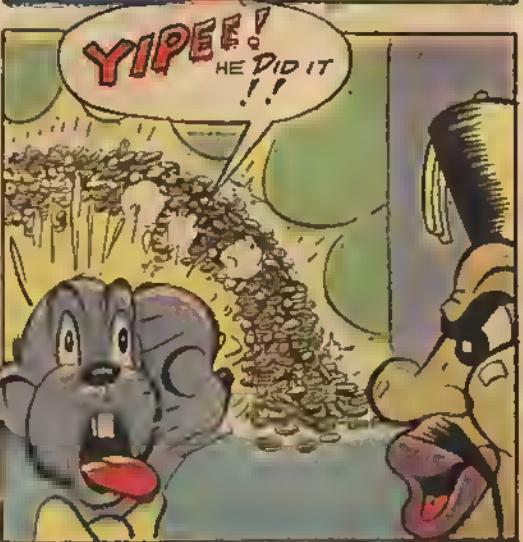
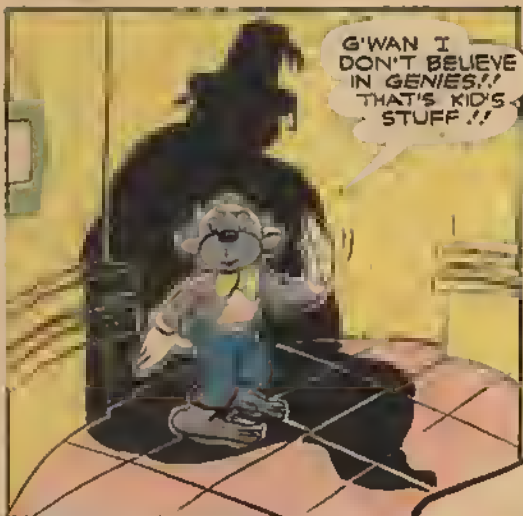


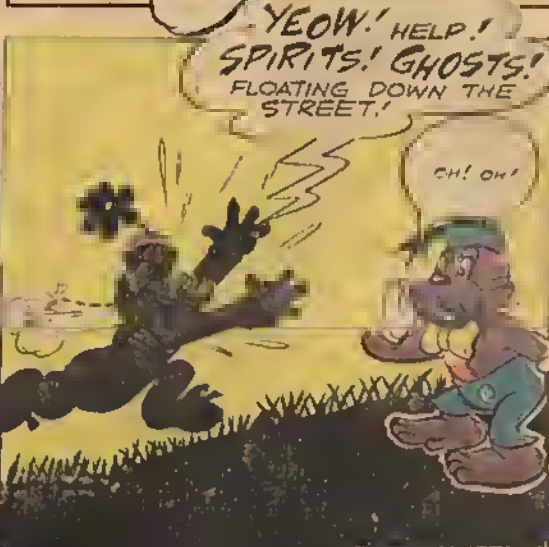
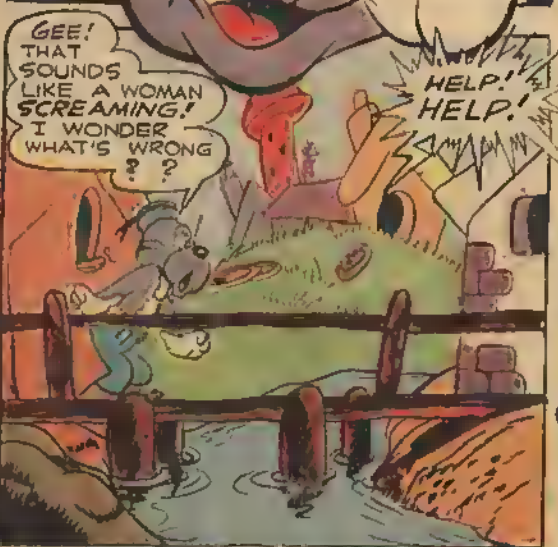
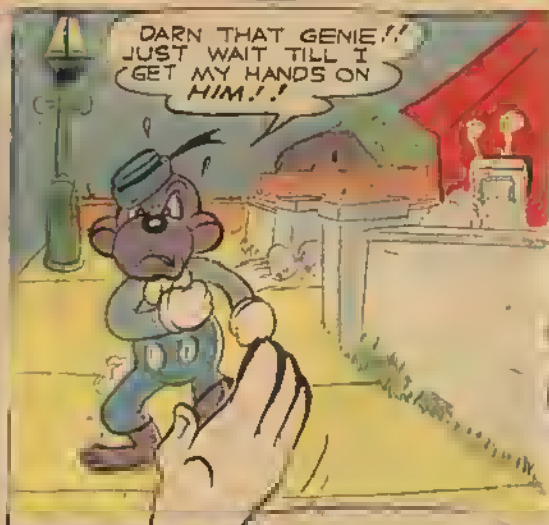
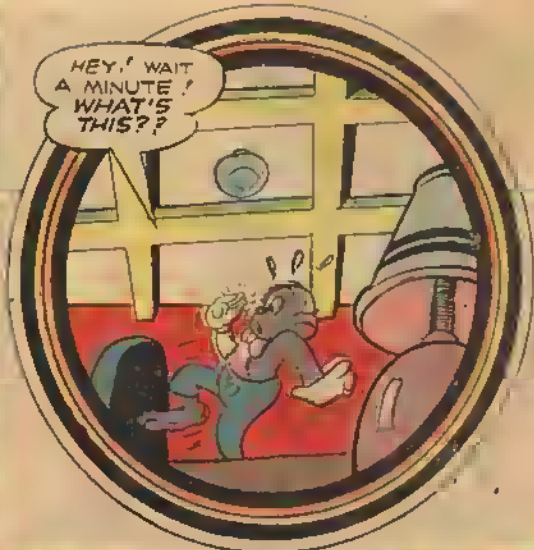
HO HUM! NOT
A SINGLE
BITE ALL
DAY!!

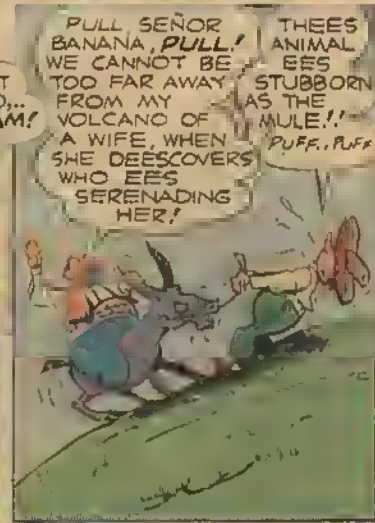
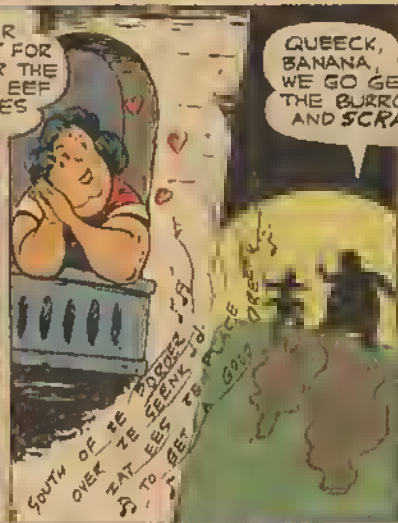
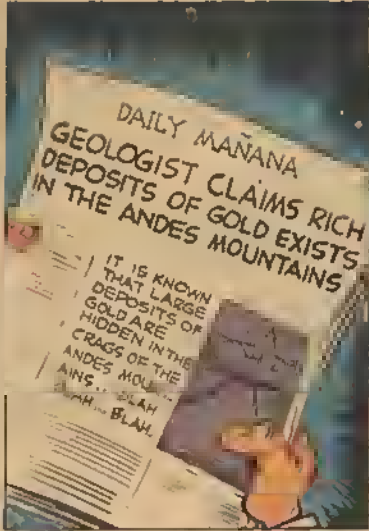
**WOW! A BITE
AT LAST!!**

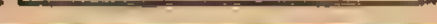
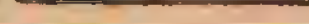
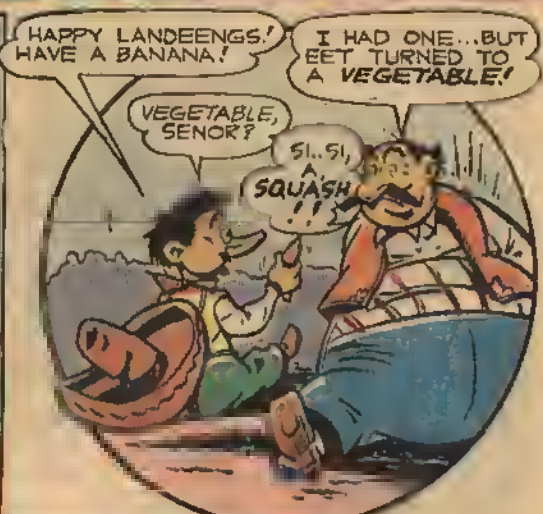
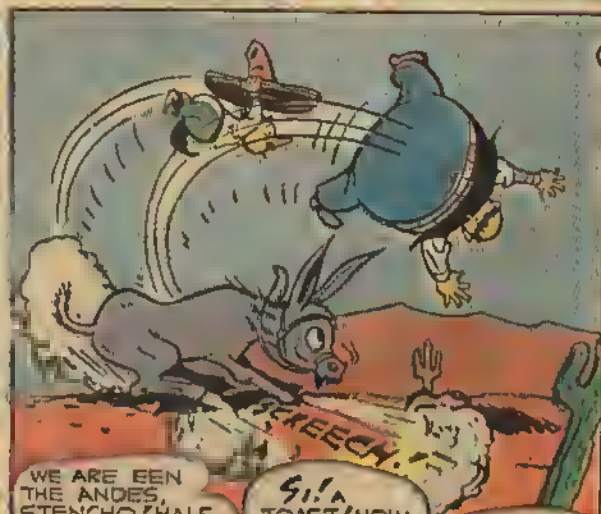














I HAVE MINE, ALFREDO!



SHALL I HELP YOU WEETH THE FAT WAN?

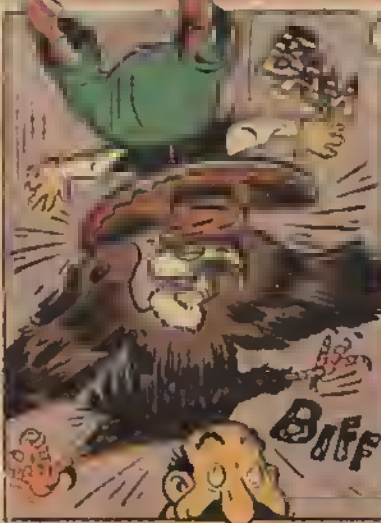


HELP! HELP! OH IF ONLY MY ARMY OF A WIFE WERE HERE NOW!

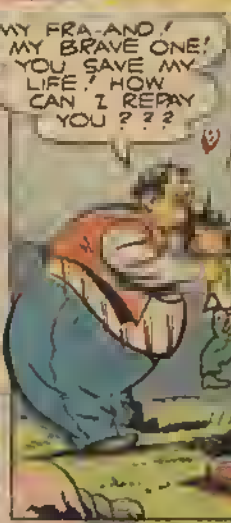
NO!.. I WEEL SLICE HEEM, AND BREENG HEEM UP IN SECTIONS!!



OOPS! SLIPPED!



BIFF



MY FRA-AND! MY BRAVE ONE! YOU SAVE MY LIFE! HOW CAN I REPAY YOU???

I DON'T KNOW! BUT THAT EES NOT THE WAY!

SMACK



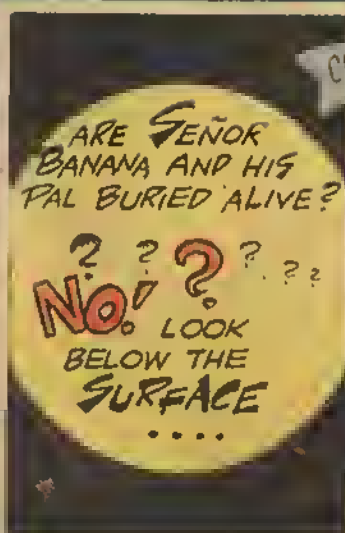
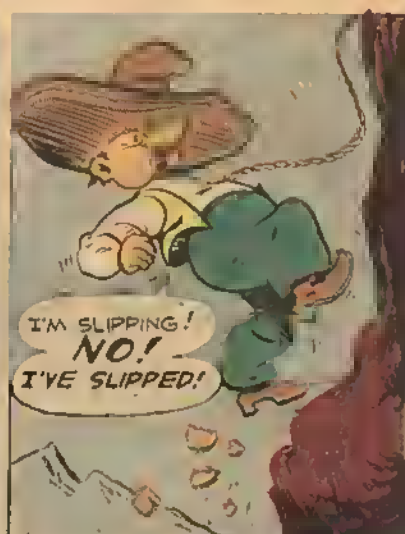
LOOK! OUR BURRO EES RUNNING OFF!

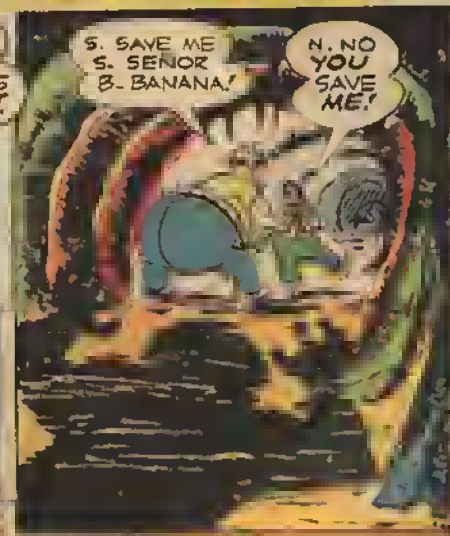
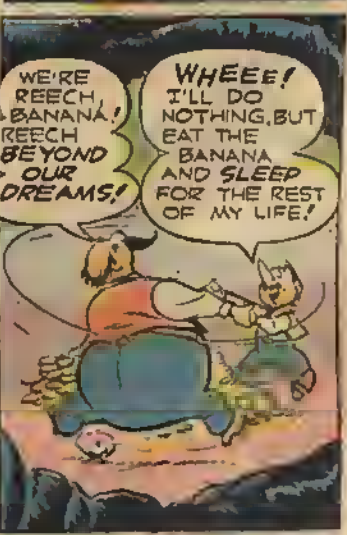
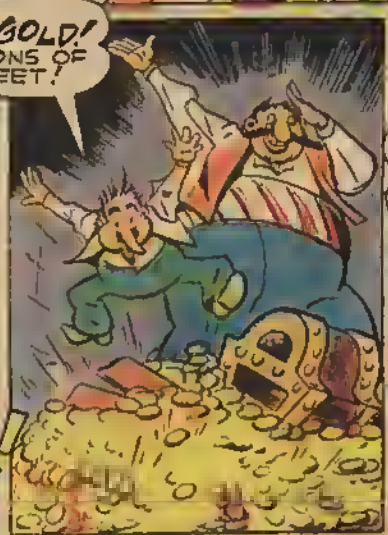
SON OF A JACKASS! NOW WE SHALL HAVE TO CLIMB THE REST OF ZE WAY!



EEF I KNEW SEARCHING FOR THE GOLD(PUF) WAS SUCH HARD WORK(PANT) I WOULD NEVER HAVE COME!

WORK! THEES EES NOT WORK!





What

MYSTERIOUS
SHADOW OF EVIL
IS APPROACHING
OUR AMIGOS!
WHAT
HORRIBLE SIGHT
THAT HAS SO
FRIGHTENED
THEM??
IS THE NEW
FOUND GOLD TO
TURN TO BLOOD.
THEIR
BLOOD?
READ YOUR
NEXT COPY OF
ZIP
COMICS AND
FIND OUT!!

JEST JOKES

YOU THINK THIS HAIR TONIC IS A MARVEL... YOU SAY IT CAN'T BE BEAT EH?

WHY ONE OF MY CLIENTS OPENED THE BOTTLE WITH HIS TEETH AND THE NEXT DAY HE HAD A MUSTACHE!

DOC... I WISH TO CONSULT YOU, ON LOSS OF MEMORY!

DR. LEROY BEER & LIQUOR CASES

CERTAINLY, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY ME IN ADVANCE!

SAY... WHEN THESE CALF SKIN SHOES GET OLD WILL THEY BECOME COWHIDE?

WHAT THE HECK DO YOU CARE... YOU'RE NOT WEANED YET!

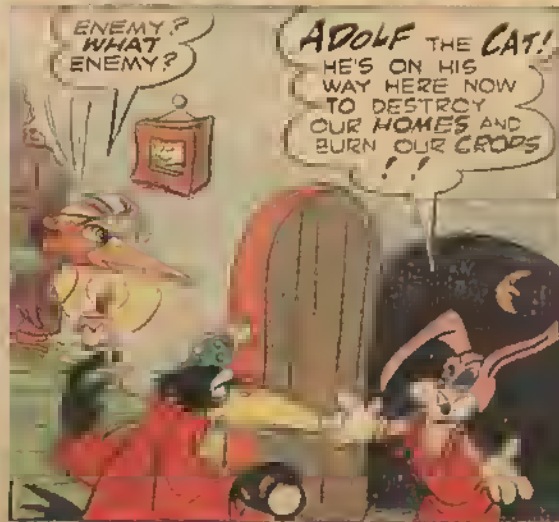
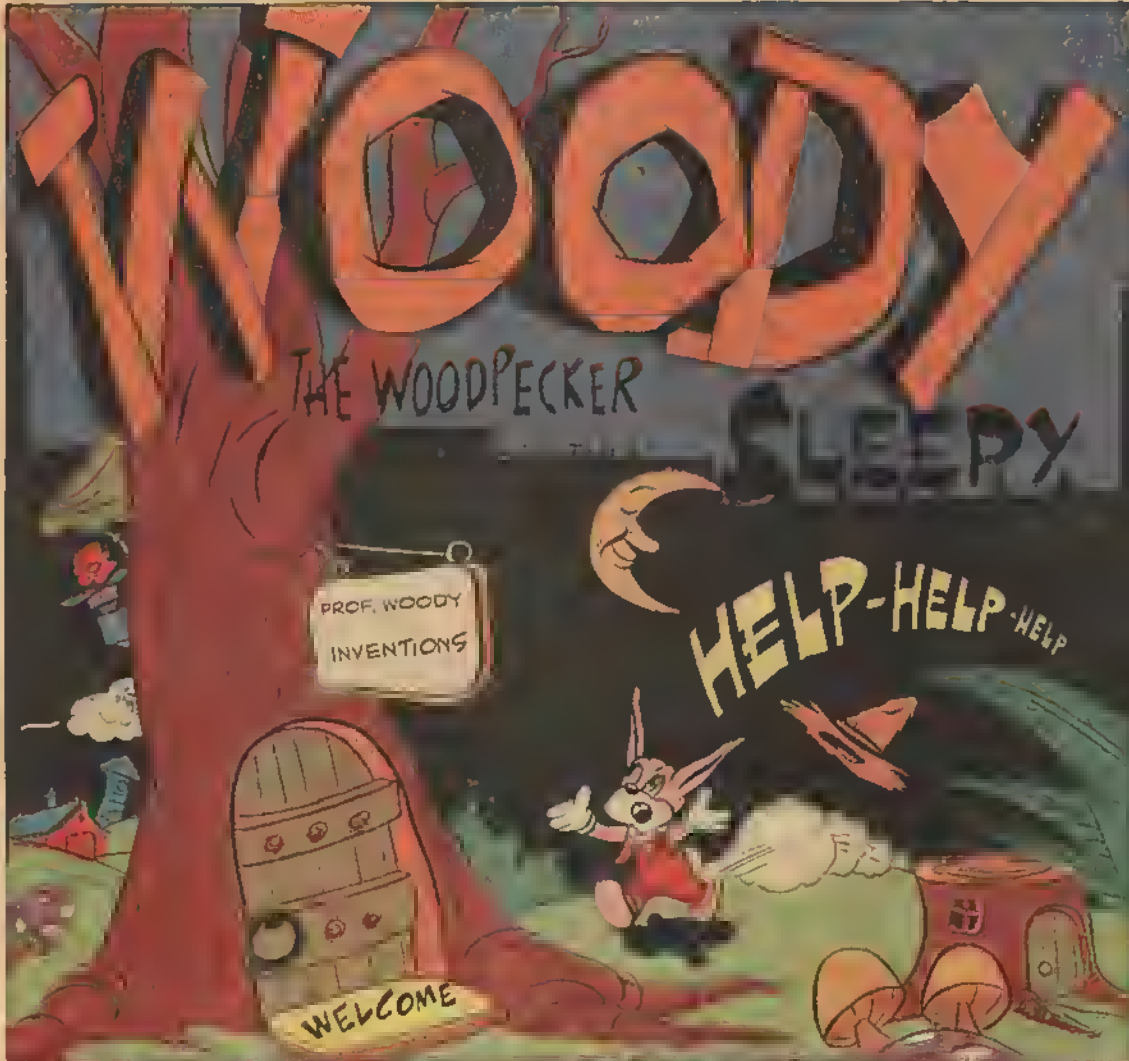
ROSES ARE RED
VIOLETS IS BLUE
CORN IS GREEN
'N SO IS
Roy

TIMBER!

JACKIE... WERE YOU AT HOME WHEN I WAS BORN, MOM?
MOTHER... NO, I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL.
JACKIE... YOU MUSTA BEEN SURPRISED WHEN YOU SAW ME THEN!

HOW DO YOU EARN YOUR LIVING?
I'M A WOODMERCHANT ON SMALL SCALE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SMALL SCALE?
SURE... I SELL TOOTH-PICKS AND MATCHES ON THE STREET CORNERS...

VISITING LADY... AT WHAT TIME DO YOU USUALLY EAT DINNER?
LITTLE ROY... AT TWELVE NOON SHARP BUT WHEN WE HAVE VISITORS, WE USUALLY WAIT UNTIL THEY'VE GONE!



HEAR THAT? ADOLF
THE CAT IS COMING! WE'D
BETTER HURRY OVER
TO WOODY'S AND ASK
HIM WHAT TO DO!



PLEASE WOODY
CAN'T YOU THINK
OF SOMETHING
TO SAVE US
FROM ADOLF
THE CAT?

WELL I'LL
PUT ON MY
THINKING
CAP, AND..



KLONK



THANKS, BOSS,
FOR FINDING
THOSE NUTS,
AN' BOLTS.. I
BEN LOOKIN'
ALL OVER
FOR DEM!

OUT OF MY WAY,
YOU SABOTEUR..
I'M GOING TO
INVENT A SUPER
CANNON
THAT WILL
STOP THAT
CAT COLD!



SUDDENLY OVER THE
TOP OF THE HILL,
THERE APPEARS..

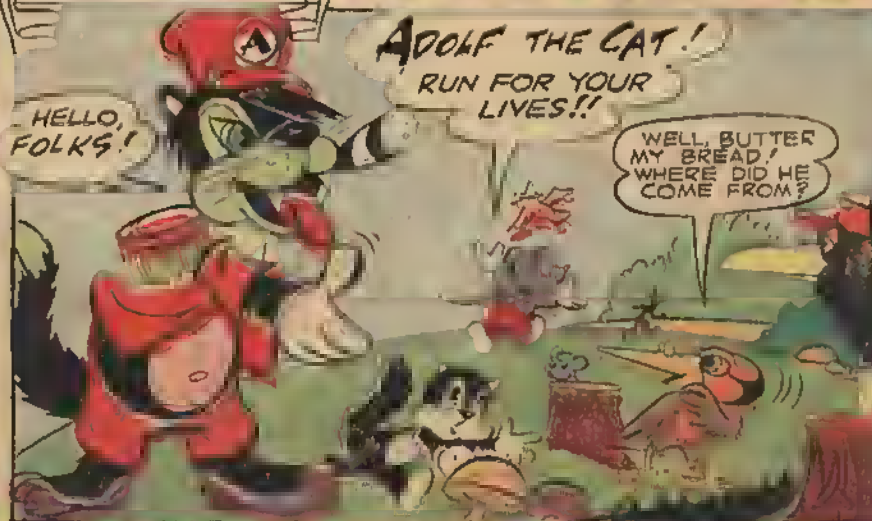
BETTER DO
SOME FAST
INVENTIN'
BOSS, CAUSE
LOOK!



HELLO,
FOLKS!

ADOLF THE CAT!
RUN FOR YOUR
LIVES!!

WELL, BUTTER
MY BREAD!
WHERE DID HE
COME FROM?



SLEEPY AND WOODY GASH INTO THE HOLLOW TREE AND BOLT THE DOOR BEHIND THEM..

DON'T BE AFRAID.. I'M JUST HERE TO PROTECT YOU... THAT IS, UNTIL I'M READY TO COOK YOU FOR MY DINNER!



AS DAY BREAKS..

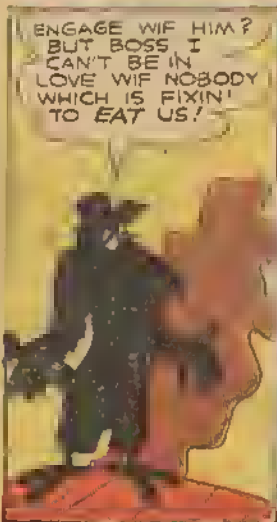
MY, MY BOSS WE STILL GOT COMPANY!

LISTEN! SLEEPY YOU GO OUT AND ENGAGE HIM WHILE I GET BUSY ON MY SUPER-CANNON!

YUM, YUM!



ENGAGE WIF HIM? BUT BOSS I CAN'T BE IN LOVE WIF NOBODY WHICH IS FIXIN' TO EAT US!



O.K. O.K. BOSS I'M GOIN' SPEEDY AS I CAN!



'SCUSE ME, BUT IS YOU LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' OR SOMEBODY, OR SOMETHIN' MAYBE PERHAPS?

YES.. YOU!



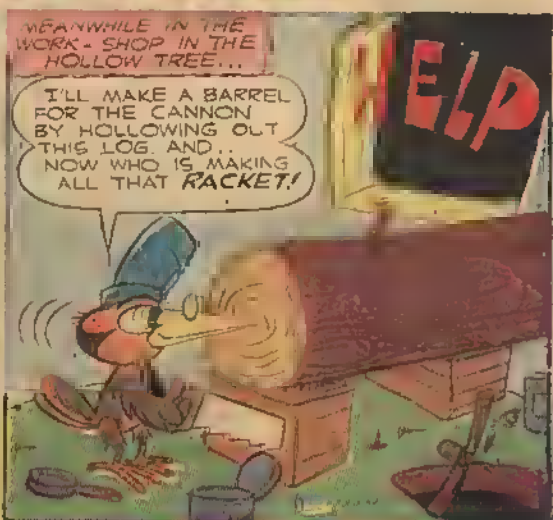
COME ON FEETS SEE HOW MANY TRACKS YOU CAN MAKE BEHIND ME!

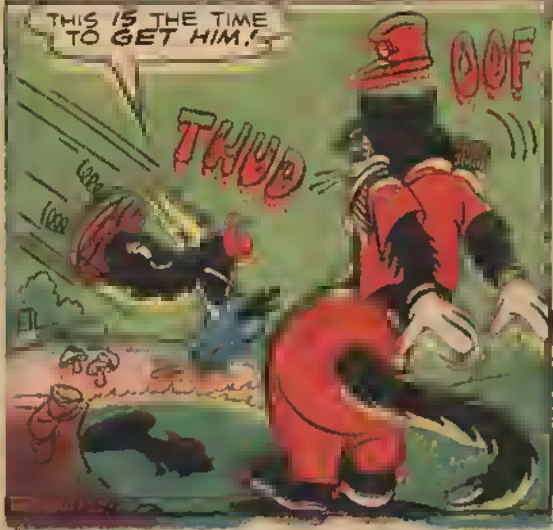
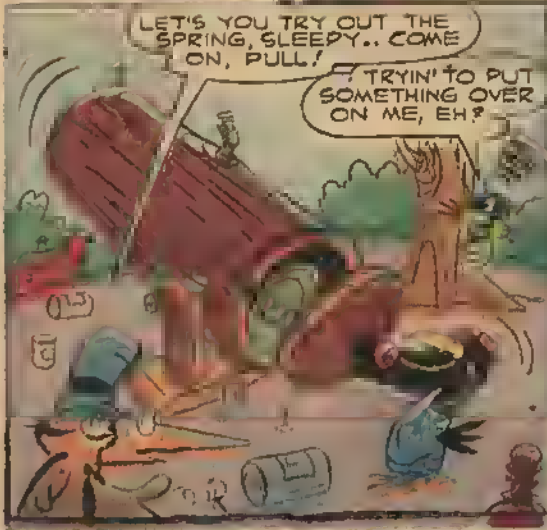
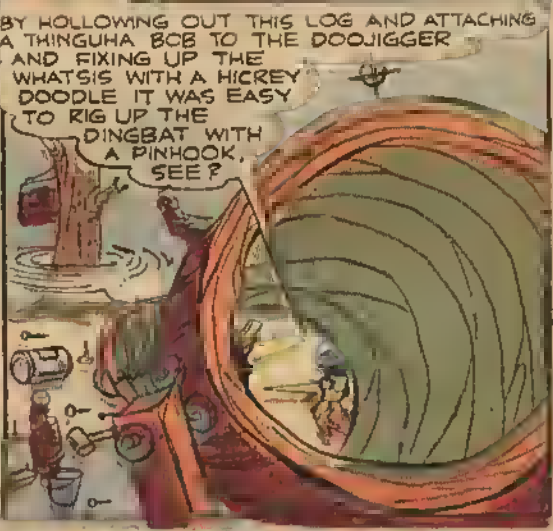
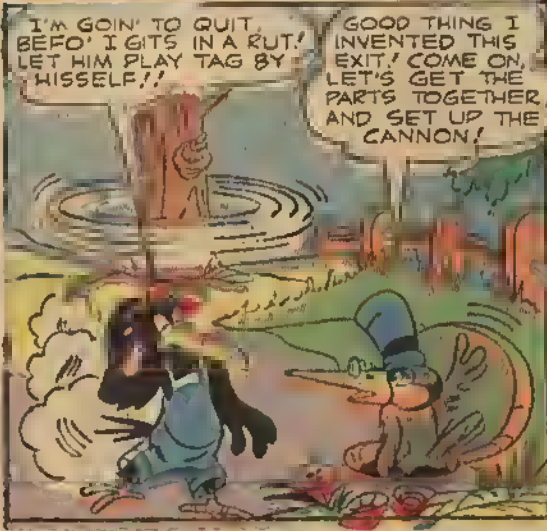
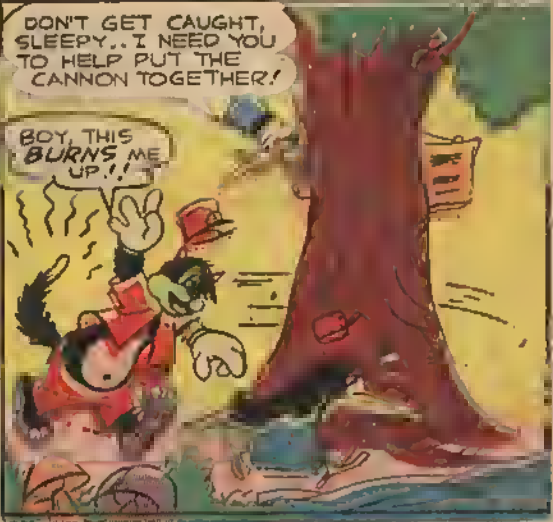


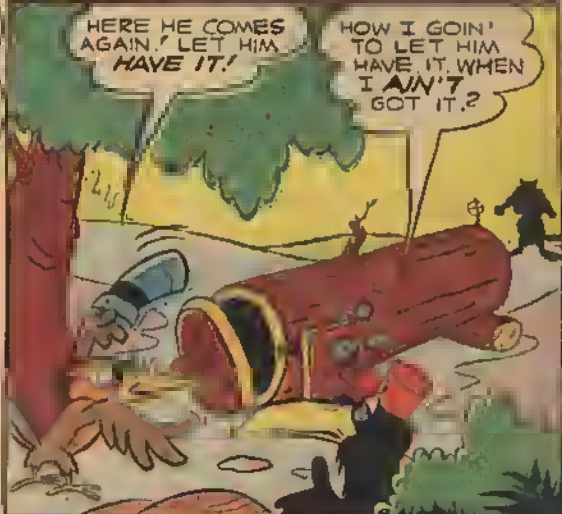
MEANWHILE IN THE WORK-SHOP IN THE HOLLOW TREE...

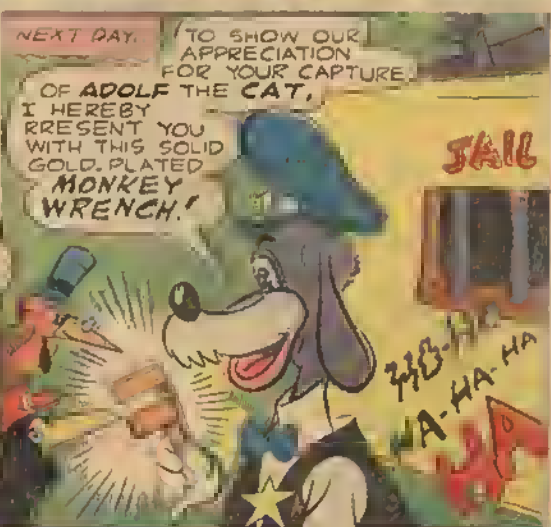
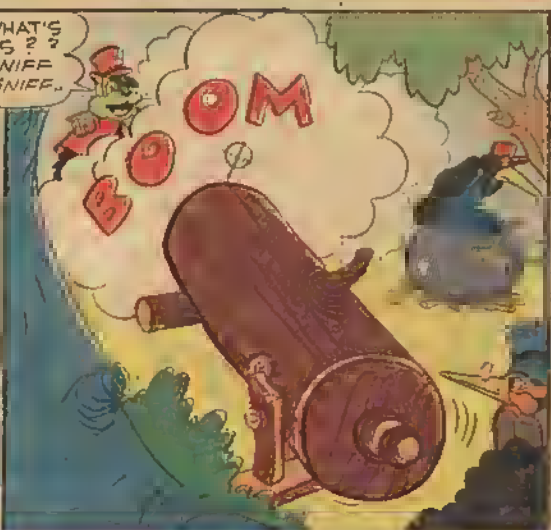
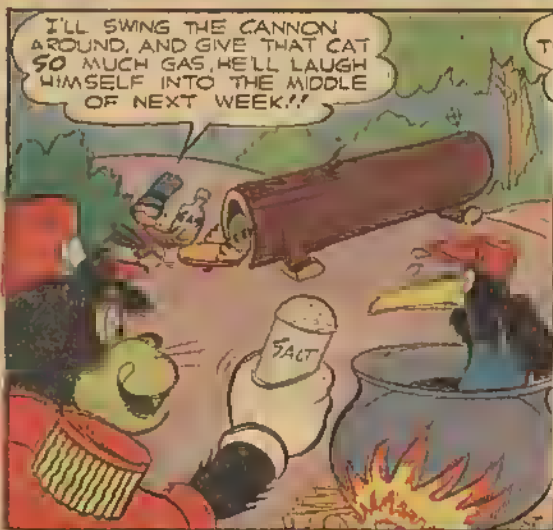
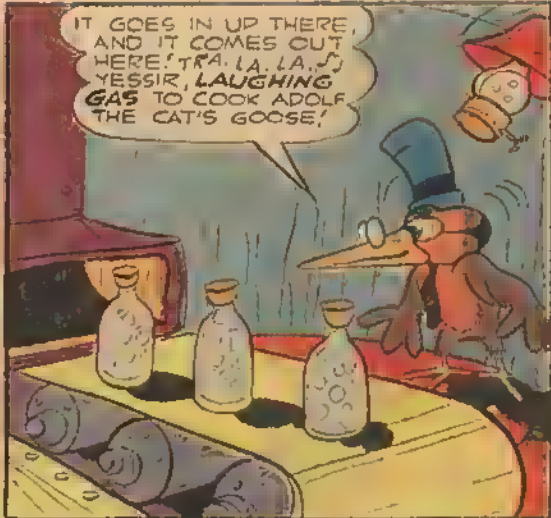
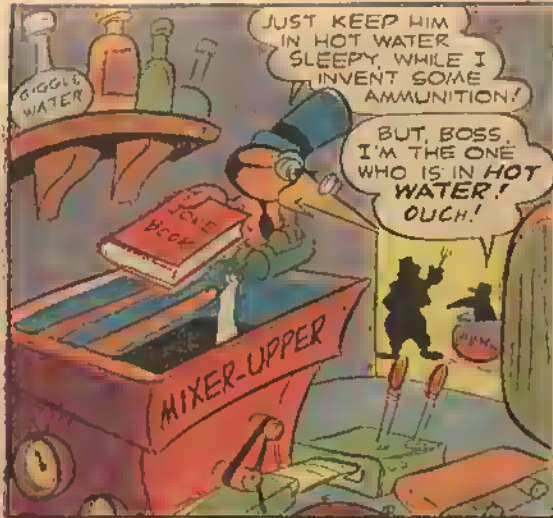
I'LL MAKE A BARREL FOR THE CANNON BY HOLLOWING OUT THIS LOG. AND.. NOW WHO IS MAKING ALL THAT RACKET!

HELP









PUZZLE PAGE

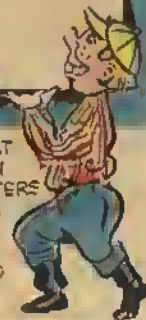


HORSELAUGH JOE
WANTS TO KNOW
IF YOU CAN FIND
OUT WHICH HORSE
JUMPED THE
HURDLE FIRST.

STAGE



HERE'S A LITTLE RHYME THAT
HORSELAUGH JOE WROTE IN
CODE. SUBSTITUTE THE LETTERS
OF THE ALPHABET FOR THE
NUMBERS AND SEE WHAT
YOU GET
EXAMPLE: 1=A, 2=B 3=C, 4=D



9 8-1-4 1 8-15-18-19-5 23-8-15

10-21-19-20 23-15-21-12-4-14-20

- 7-15

9 2-22-9-12-20 1 6-9-18-5

21-14-4-5-18 8-9-13

8-5 9-17 18-21-14-9-14-7 15-1-20

9 11-14-15-23

ANSWER:

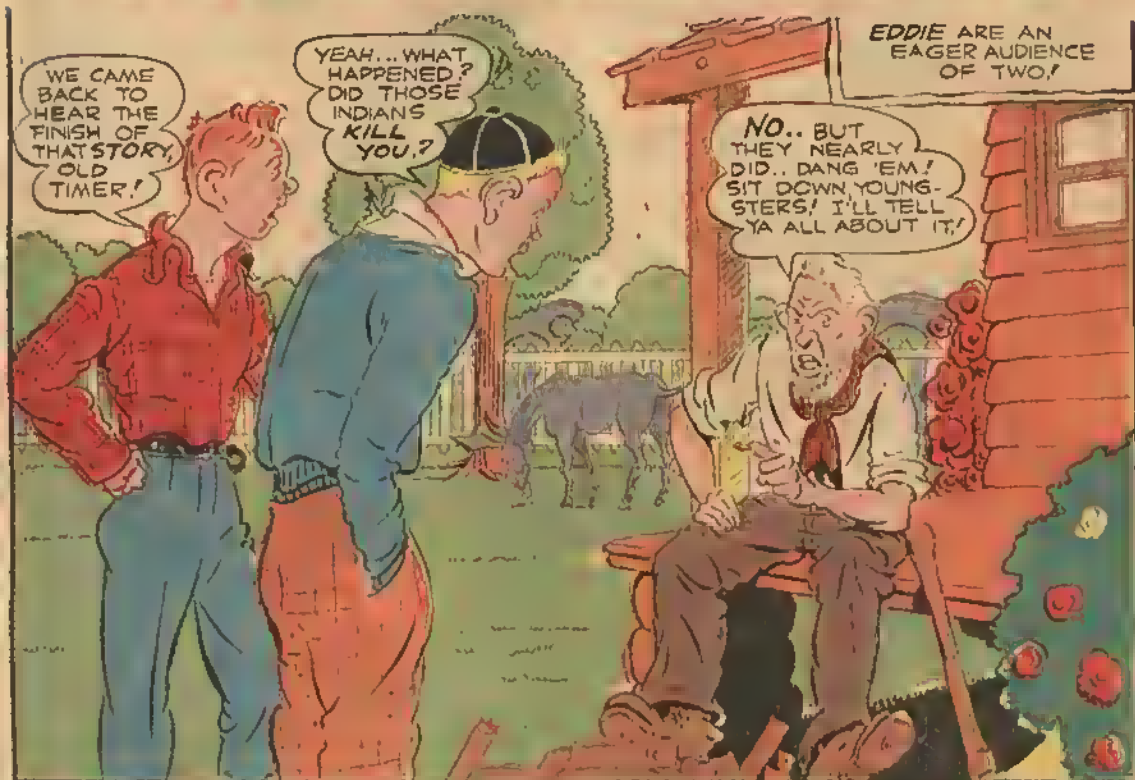
I MADE A HORSE
WHO JUST WOULDNT GO
- BUT A FIRE UNDER
- WITH A RUNNING YET I KNOW



TOMMY TOMMY THE ARTIST, HAS MADE THIS DRAWING LESSON FOR YOU
GET IT FROM THE SUPERMAN STORE THESE PICTURES OF

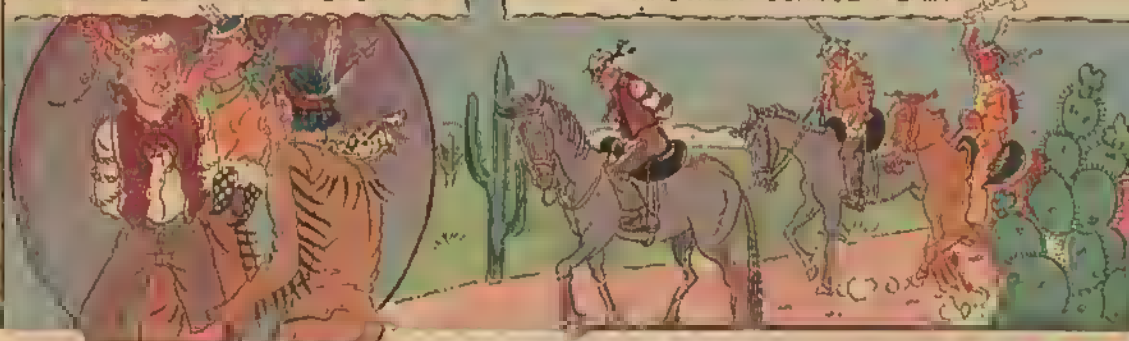
DONNY DOBBIN

WILBUR



..ONLY REASON THEY DIDN'T SCALP ME THEN AND THERE, WUZ OUTTA SHEER RESPECT FOR MY COURAGE..

THEY TOOK ME BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE, TIED AND BLINDFOLDED, I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE ANOTHER SUNRISE AGAIN..

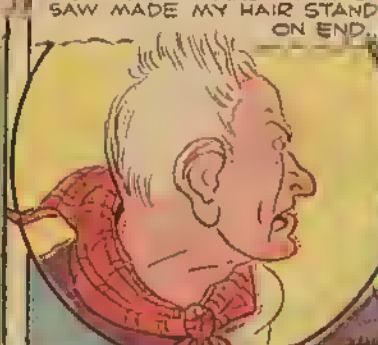


THEN I GOT TO THEIR VILLAGE..

LOOK INTO CAVE PALE FACE?



I LOOKED.. AND WHAT I SAW MADE MY HAIR STAND ON END..



'PALE FACES, OTHER ONE COME HERE AS YOU.' SEARCH.UM GOLD. LOSE.UM SCALP.' NOW YOU JOIN-UM!



BUT THOSE SAVAGES HADN'T RECKONED WITH A MAN - WISE IN THE WAYS OF DESERT TRICKS. WITH A STEALTH THAT PUT THOSE CUNNING SAVAGES TO SHAME I CREPT AWAY WHEN MY GUARDS WERE ASLEEP..



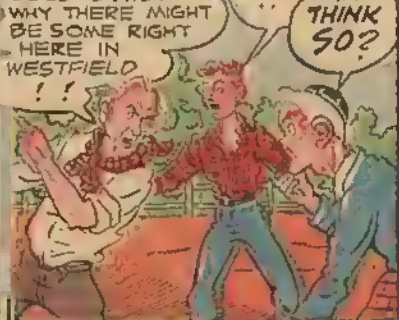
FOR DAYS I WANDERED IN THE DESERT, UNDER A HOT SEARING SUN.. LOST!



I GOT OUT ALL RIGHT. MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE. BUT I NEVER DID FIND THAT GOLD MINE AGAIN!!



YA KNOW, YA NEVER KIN TELL WHERE GOLD IS HID! WHY THERE MIGHT BE SOME RIGHT HERE IN WESTFIELD!!



HUH!! GEE.. YA THINK SO?

THERE MIGHT
BE SOMETHING
IN WHAT THAT
OLD TIMER
SAID,
EDDIE!

YA MEAN ABOUT
A **GOLD MINE**
IN WESTFIELD?
GEE, YA REALLY
THINK SO WILBUR?
BOY, MAYBE
WE OUGHTA GO
PROSPECTIN'
HUH??

WHY NOT? BUT
WE GOTTA HAVE A
BURRO! EVERY
PROSPECTOR
HAS A **BURRO**
!!

WE COULD RENT
ONE OUT FROM
SCHULTZ'S LIVERY
STABLE DOWN
THE BLOCK, BILL!

SURE I'LL RENT
YOU BOYS A MULE..
FOR \$5 A DAY!

I HAVEN'T ANY
MONEY! HOW
ABOUT YOU,
WILBUR?

I ONLY
HAVE 33
CENTS!!

I GUESS IT'S
ALL OFF NOW!
(SIGH)

THE HECK IT IS!
YOU GET AS MUCH
AS YOU CAN, AND
SO WILL I!!

ER... DAD, THE
LAWN HASN'T
BEEN MOWED
FOR A LONG
TIME, AND...

ALL RIGHT! YOU
DON'T HAVE TO
DRAW ME A **BLUE**
PRINT! FIFTY
CENTS FOR
THE JOB

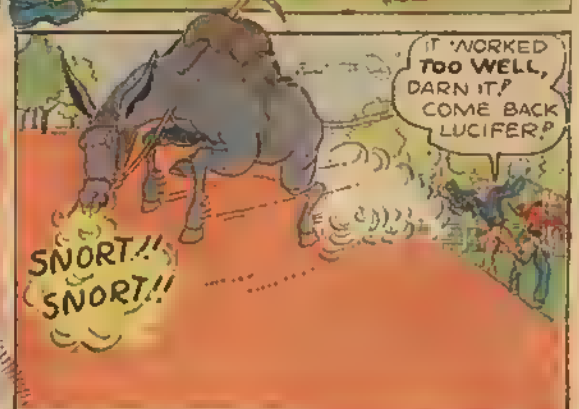
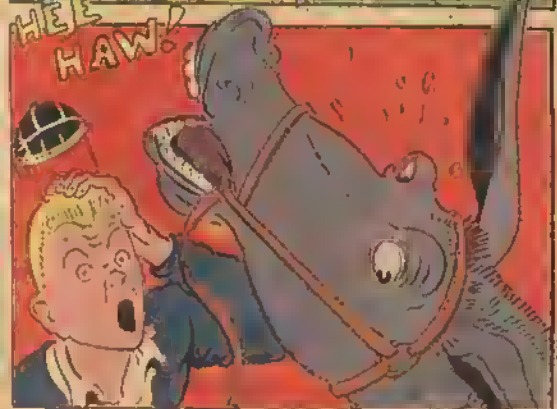
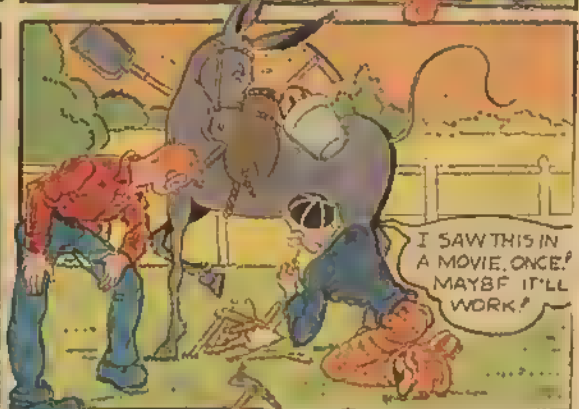
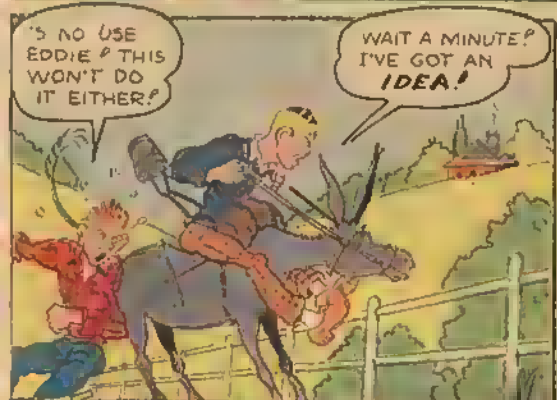
BUT GEE
WHIZ, MR ZILCH!
THESE SKATES
COST ME
\$5 NEW!

SORRY, WILBUR,
NOT A **CENT**
MORE THAN
75¢!

MERR

MEANWHILE, EDDIE TOO IS BUSY AT HOME.

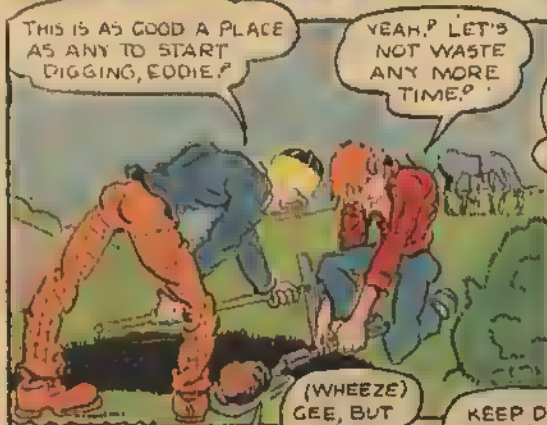
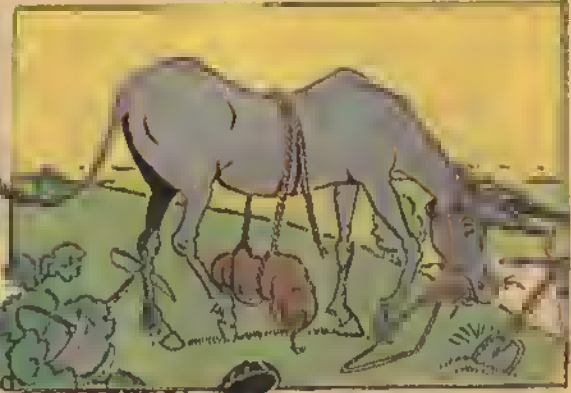
I'LL PROBABLY
FIND THAT
GOLD MINE
BEFORE DAD
NOTICES THE
DIME BANK
EMPTY!





BOY! OLD TIMER SHOULD'VE TOLD US (PUF) ABOUT MULES (PUF, PUF)

YEAH, (GASP) THERE'S THAT BLAMED MULE UP AHEAD NOW! WOW! HE SURE GAVE US A LONG AND MERRY CHASE!



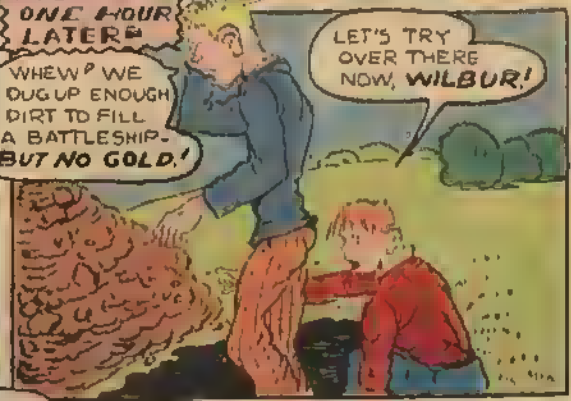
THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO START DIGGING, EDDIE!

YEAH! LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME!

2 HOURS LATER

(WHEEZE) GEE, BUT IT'S HOT, WILBUR!

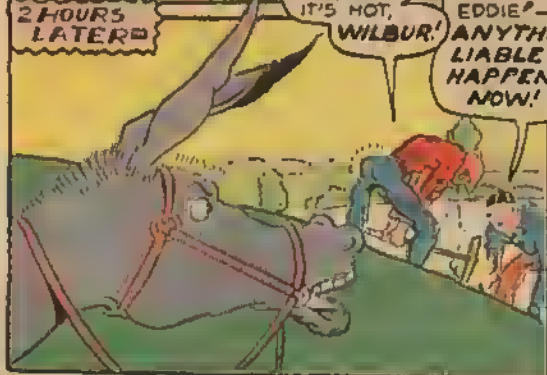
KEEP DIGGIN' EDDIE!— ANYTHING'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN NOW!



ONE HOUR LATER

WHEW! WE DUG UP ENOUGH DIRT TO FILL A BATTLESHIP— BUT NO GOLD!

LET'S TRY OVER THERE NOW, WILBUR!

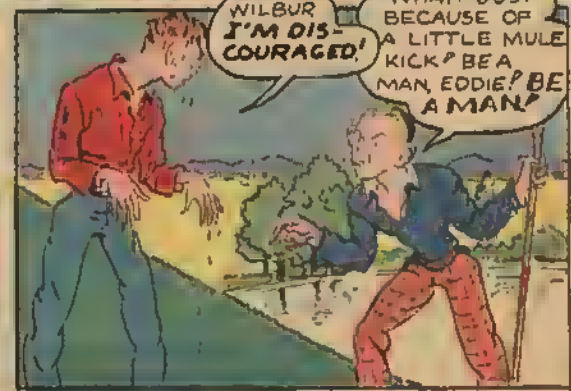


CLOMP YEEOWW

HEE! HAW!

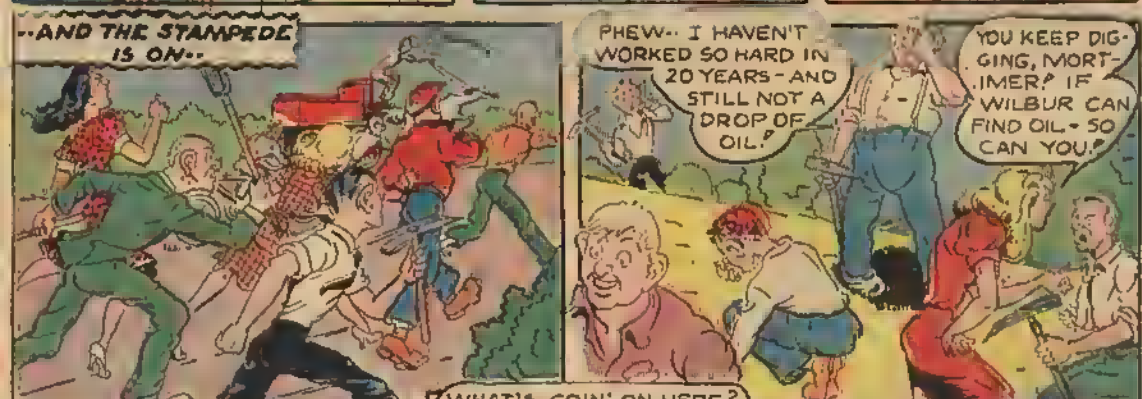
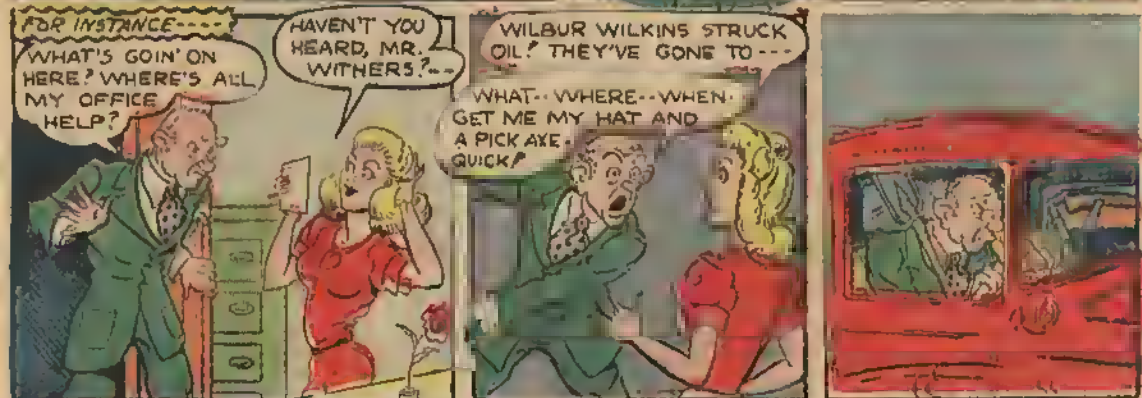


SPLASH!

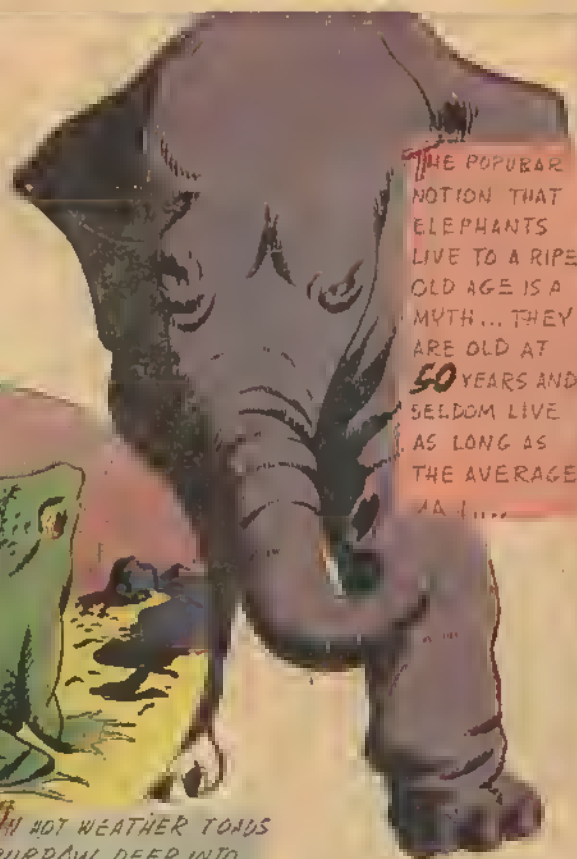


WILBUR I'M DISCOURAGED!

WHAT? JUST BECAUSE OF A LITTLE MULE KICK? BE A MAN, EDDIE! BE A MAN!



WORLD WONDERS



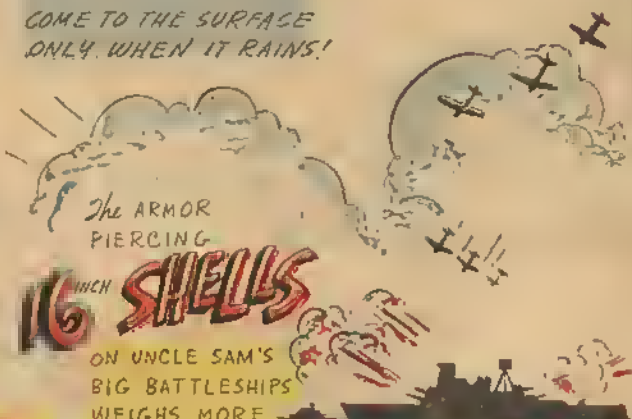
THE POPULAR NOTION THAT ELEPHANTS LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE IS A MYTH... THEY ARE OLD AT 50 YEARS AND SELDOM LIVE AS LONG AS THE AVERAGE MAN...



IN HOT WEATHER TOADS BURROW DEEP INTO THE GROUND... THEY MAY LIVE FOR MANY MONTHS IN THEIR HIDEOUT AND COME TO THE SURFACE ONLY WHEN IT RAINS!

AMMONIA

AS FIRST DISCOVERED AND USED AS A BLEACH BY ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PRIESTS IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON-RA OVER 5000 YEARS AGO!



16 INCH SHELLS

ON UNCLE SAM'S BIG BATTLESHIPS WEIGHS MORE THAN THE AVERAGE AUTOMOBILE 2340 POUNDS!

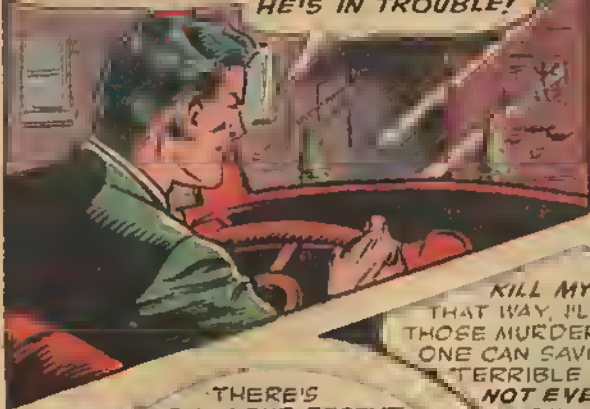
The WEB HORROR HOTEL



WHAT WAS THE NAMELESS HORROR THAT HOVERED OVER THAT MYSTERIOUS HOTEL? THAT STRUCK A NOTE OF SUCH UNHOLY FEAR INTO THE SOUL OF ITS GUESTS? THAT PLUNGED THE WEB INTO HIS MOST FANTASTIC, DANGER-STUDDED ADVENTURE? WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF... HORROR HOTEL?

AS OUR STORY OPENS, JOHN RAYMOND, PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY, IN REALITY THE WEB, PULLS UP IN FRONT OF A HOTEL---

WELL - THIS IS THE PLACE, NOW TO SNEAK AROUND, FIND PROFESSOR TILLET'S ROOM! I WONDER WHY HE TOOK SUCH A ROUND-ABOUT WAY OF CONTACTING ME, INSTEAD OF SIMPLY CALLING ME BY PHONE! UNLESS HE'S IN TROUBLE!



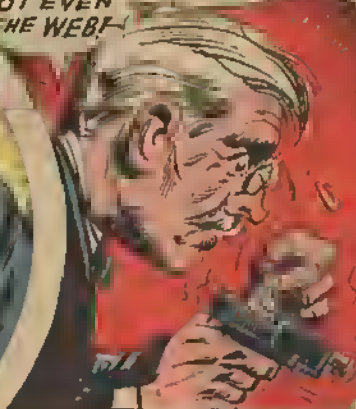
WHILE IN ONE OF THE HOTEL ROOMS---

I HOPE TO HEAVEN THAT MESSAGE DIDN'T GET THROUGH TO THE WEB! IT'S BAD ENOUGH MY LIFE IS IN SUCH TERRIBLE DANGER, WITHOUT RISKING HIS!



KILL MYSELF!
THAT WAY, I'LL CHEAT
THOSE MURDERERS! NO
ONE CAN SAVE ME FROM MY
TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT!
NOT EVEN
THE WEB!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE DECENT
THING FOR ME TO DO--



HELLO PRO-
FESSOR TILLET!
OUR MUTUAL
FRIEND, PRO-
FESSOR RAYMOND,
TOLO ME YOU
WISHED TO
SEE ME!

WHAT'S THAT? SOME-
BODY TURNING THE
KNOB OF MY
DOOR!



THEY'VE COME! THEY'VE
COME TO GET ME, THE
DEVILS! BUT I'LL TAKE A
GOOD MANY OF THEM
WITH ME!



YES I ASKED
FOR YOU WEB!
BUT I'M
SORRY I DID!
GO QUICKLY
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!
PLEASE GO!
WE'RE
SURROUNDED!

WAIT A MINUTE, PROFESSOR,
I CAME AND I'M HERE TO STAY!
NOW CALM DOWN AND TELL
ME EVERYTHING! THIS HOTEL
SEEMED TO BE EMPTY! WHY
ARE YOU COOPED UP
IN YOUR ROOM?

YOU'RE WRONG! THIS PLACE IS A
MURDER-TRAP! AS YOU PROBABLY
KNOW, I'M A PROFESSOR OF CHEMIS-
TRY! I STOPPED IN HERE ON MY WAY
BACK FROM A
VERY IM-
PORTANT
CONFERENCE
IN LONDON,
AND--

KNOCKED OUT
OLD! THE BLACK-
JACK CAME THRU
THE TRAN-
SOM!

UGH

I'LL GET HIM,
AND WHEN I
DO--

GREAT SCOTT!--
WHAT KIND OF CLOTH-
ING ARE THOSE?
WHERE DID ALL THESE
PEOPLE COME FROM
ANYWAY? THIS PLACE
WAS AS DESERTED AS
A MORGUE A
SHORT WHILE
AGO!

WHOEVER IT IS
COULDN'T HAVE
GOTTEN FAR!

WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHO ARE
THESE PEOPLE
IN THE FANCY
DRESS? LOOKS
LIKE AN OLD
TIME MOVIE!

THESE
HAPPEN TO
BE OUR
CLOTHES,
SUH!

SUDDENLY...

HURRY
MEN AND
GET RID
OF HIM!

VE
HAF HIM
SECURELY
TIED,
MEDDLE-
SOME JACK
ASS!

WHERE AM I!
MY HEAD
FEELS LIKE
THE EMPIRE
STATE BUILD-
ING FELL ON
IT BRICK BY
BRICK!

HEAR DOT?
SHOOTING!
DER POLICE!

WHAT'LL WE
DO WITH
HIM?

THROW HIM
OUT. VE CAN'T
KILL HIM
NOW!

CHUST IN
TIME! HERE
COME DER
POLICE!

BANG
BANG-BANG

THAT'S THE BEST
FIRING PRACTICE
WE'VE HAD
YET!

LET'S GO
SOLDIER!

SOLDIERS AT
FIRING PRACTICE
HA, HA, HA!
AND THEY THOUGHT
IT WAS THE POLICE!

MEANWHILE...

SORRY BUT YOU'LL
HAVE TO PULL UP
TO THE CURB! OUR
BATTALION'S COMING
THRU HERE! FOR
PRACTICE!

ALL RIGHT! CURSE
IT! I MUST GET
TO A PHONE
IMMEDIATELY!!

NO CIVILIANS
ALLOWED,
BUDDY!

HELLO KURT? DIS ISS
KESSLER! VE VERE
FOOLED INTO LETTING DER
IVER GO! THERE'S NO TIME
TO LOSE! YOU KNOW THOSE
STAGE PROPS VE HAVE
READY CHUST FOR SUCH AN
EMERGENCY--- GET DEM
OUT! HURRY!

OUR SCENE CHANGES
AND MANY HOURS LATER
WE FIND
RETURNING---

THIS IS STRANGE--
CARS PARKED HERE
---PEOPLE AROUND!

I DON'T UNDER-
STAND? WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE OLD
FASHIONED
PEOPLE AND
FURNITURE?

AM I CRAZY-- TEN YEARS
OR HOW
COME THIS
HOTEL IS SO
MODERN NOW?

AGO TODAY THIS
PLACE WAS
MODERNIZED!

TEN
YEARS AGO!
I BELIEVE!

THIS PLACE HAS
CHANGED SINCE
I SAW IT LAST!

NO--NO
THAT'S NOT
TRUE, YOU'RE
CRAZY!

DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS!
I SAID IT
WITH MY
OWN
EYES!

YOU'VE DESCRIBED THIS
HOTEL THE WAY IT LOOKED
TEN YEARS AGO...BEGGING
YOUR PARDON, I SEE A
LUMP ON YOUR HEAD...
PERHAPS YOU HURT
YOURSELF AND YOU'RE
NOT FEELING WELL!

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE! MAYBE I AM NUTS, BUT I'M
GOING TO FIND OUT FOR
SURE!



GOOD LORD! HE
MUST HAVE HURRIED
RIGHT BACK TO
WASHINGTON WHEN HE
SAW HE'D FORGOTTEN HIS
PORTFOLIO! I HATE TO
CARRY AROUND
ALL THESE
**VALUABLE
PAPERS**
OF HIS!

VALUABLE
PAPERS!-
ER...AH...PER-
HAPS I MIGHT
BE ABLE TO
FIND A ROOM
FOR YOU, SIR!

HMM...HE CERTAINLY
HAD A QUICK CHANGE
OF MIND ABOUT A
ROOM--AS I THOUGHT
HE WOULD!

LATER--
PROFESSOR
TILLET'S
ROOM
PLEASE?

I'M SORRY, SIR!
THERE'S NO-
BODY BY THAT
NAME
REGISTERED
HERE!



NOW, I'LL
JUST STEP INTO
MY BATHROOM!

...FOR
A QUICK
CHANGE! THE
WEB IS
GOING TO
FIND OUT
**THE
SECRET**
OF THIS
HOTEL!

OH, OH!
VOICES!
THESE BUN-
NIES AREN'T
WASTING ANY
TIME GETTING
THOSE **VALU-
ABLE PAPERS!**
I'D BETTER GET
OUT OF HERE--!



WHILE OUTSIDE---

VE GO RIGHT IN
UND KILL HIM,
YA?

AH! HE IS IN BED!
JUST A LITTLE
LONGER NOW
UNTIL VE ARE
SURE HE IS
ASLEEP!

FRITZ, YOU DUNDERHEAD! DO
YOU WANT TO SPOIL EVERYTHING?
VE MUST BE CLEVER LIKE DER
FUEHRER HIMSELF! VE WAIT
UNTIL HE HAS GONE TO SLEEP!

I'LL HAVE TO
USE THIS
BATHROOM
WINDOW TO
GET OUT!
OH, OH, LUCK!
THERE'S A
DRAIN PIPE
MADE TO
ORDER!

NOW I'M GOING TO INCH MY
WAY AROUND THE BUILDING
SOMEHOW! IF PROFESSOR
TILLET'S ANYWHERE IN THIS
HOTEL,
I'LL FIND
HIM!

AND IN ONE OF
THE ROOMS--
CURSE YOUR
STUBBORNNESS,
TALK! TALK!

VE KNOW, PROFESSOR
TILLET, DOT YOU VENT
TO VASHINGTON TO
MAKE YOUR REPORT
ON A NEW ANTI-SUB EX-
PLOSIVE YOU WAFF DIS-
COVERED! TELL US DOT--
OR YOU'LL NEFFER
TALK AGAIN!

THAT'S
RIGHT! HE
WON'T---
BUT NOT FOR
THE REASON
YOU
THINK!

BUT I'LL TALK ---
IN A LANGUAGE OF
MY OWN!

ON SECOND THOUGHT,
ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER
THAN WORDS!

STOP IT!

HELP!

SOCK

JUST GIVE
YOU BUMS
ENOUGH
ROPE--

-- AND YOU'RE
BOUND TO UPSET
EVERYTHING!

CRASH

I HAF ENOUGH OF
YOUR JOKES! I PRE-
FER DER
VOICE OF
DIS GUN!

WELL, SEE
IF THIS SILENCER
WILL FIT IT!

CURSE OOT VEB! HE'S
PROBABLY CALLED
DER POLICE, TOO!
I'D BETTER SAFE
MINE OWN SKIN!

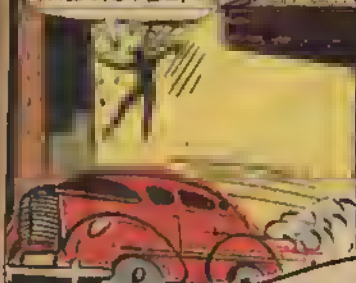


I'LL HAVE YOU
OUT OF HERE
IN A MOMENT,
PROFESSOR!

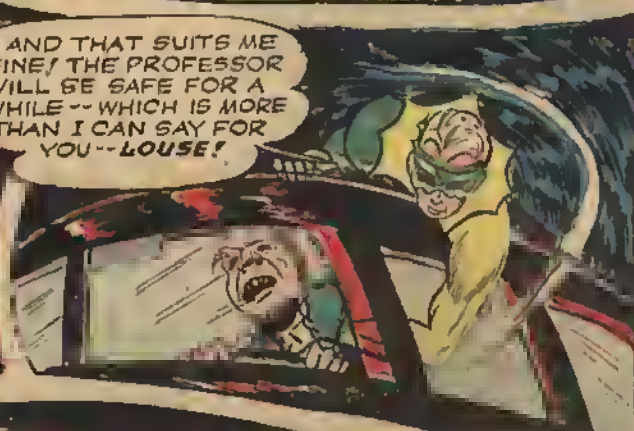
NEVER MIND ME,
WEB! THE RINGLEADER
IS ESCAPING! YOU
MUST CATCH HIM!



THAT'S JUST WHAT
I INTEND TO DO ---
THE DOPE IS SO
PANIC, HE DIDN'T
EVEN BOTHER TO
WARN THE OTHER
NAZIS INFESTING
THE HOTEL!



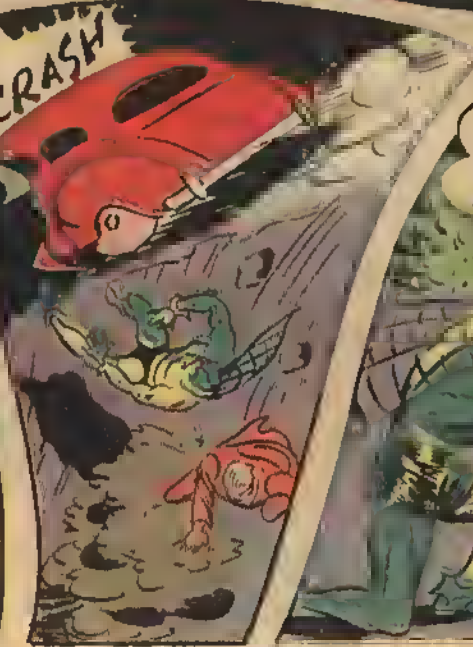
AND THAT SUITS ME
FINE! THE PROFESSOR
WILL BE SAFE FOR A
WHILE -- WHICH IS MORE
THAN I CAN SAY FOR
YOU -- LOUSE!



OUT OF CONTROL,
THE CAR GOES HURT-
LING OFF THE ROAD,
AND ----



CRASH



THERE
HE GOES
AGAIN -- BUT
HE'S NOT GO-
ING TO LOSE
ME!



ESSLER! COME BACK, DON'T
RUN THAT WAY! COME BACK!

SUDDENLY SHOTS
RING OUT--AND--

AIEEEEE

BANG
BANG
BANG

GREAT GUNS!
HE RAN RIGHT
INTO OUR RIFLE
RANGE!

S-A-Y,
I WARNED
THAT GUY
A COUPLE
OF
HOURS
AGO!

HE GOT WHAT
WAS COMING TO HIM,
MEN! HE WAS THE
HEAD OF A SPY RING!
FOLLOW ME AND WE'LL
ROUND UP HIS GANG!

RIGHT IN THERE, BOYS...
AND LET YOUR CONSCIENCES
BE YOUR GUIDE!

HOTEL

I WON'T ASK
YOU WHAT THEY WERE
TRYING TO DRAG OUT OF
YOU PROFESSOR! I KNOW
IT'S A MILITARY SECRET!

BUT HOW DID

THOSE THOSE NAZIS
FIENDS FOLLOWED ME THAT WAY?
ALL THE WAY
FROM WASHINGTON--

... THEN
WHEN I REGISTERED
IN THIS HOTEL, THEY
WENT TO THE GREAT
LENGTHS OF BUYING IT--
JUST TO MAKE SURE I
DIDN'T ESCAPE THEM!
THE REST, YOU KNOW!

YES! I INTERFERED WITH THEIR
SET-UP, SO THEY TRIED TO CONFUSE
ME BY RENOVATING THEIR HOTEL AND
SO GAIN VALUABLE TIME! TIME TO SWEAT
YOUR INFORMATION OUT OF YOU!